

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1864.

IN THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

BY REV. JAMES I. ROSWELL.

NEW YORK CITY has many attractions for the stranger. There is the City Hall, where Justice is supposed to hold her scales with an even balance. There is Barnum's Museum, with its vast curiosity shop and its theater, misnamed "lecture-room," where *moral dramas* are said to be performed. There is the "park," which the newspapers are never weary of praising, but which is disfigured by a mammoth stone reservoir, and unadorned by a single good-sized tree. There is all the fascination of a walk along Broadway. No poet has yet sung the praise of this great thoroughfare, though it well deserves a song. The forests, the lofty range of mountains, the rivers that roll majestically along, the clear, blue lakes that ripple to the breeze and sparkle to the touch of sunlight, have all awoken a poet's genius and inspired his muse to lofty flights. But no walk through hills or by the side of murmuring streams can equal the charm of a walk along Broadway on a pleasant afternoon. Cruel war has not tarnished but added new luster to its glory. Business is more lively than ever. The shops are filled with costly goods and extravagant purchasers. The women are not clad in weeds of mourning, but carry as many colors as Joseph's coat or the rainbow in the heavens. Here our "country cousins" can see human beings instead of trees, can feel the solitude of a great crowd, and study the choicest displays of human art and skill. Here many have come to see the vanities of this earthly life, and learned to love them.

But there is one place above all others which the lover of literature should make haste to visit. It is the Astor Library. The building is on a retired street. The noise of rolling wheels

or the hum of busy life is but faintly heard, like the surging waves of some far-off sea. It does not court observation. It has no flaring signs to attract wide-mouthed observation and draw the gaping crowd. It does not even advertise in the papers, as some of our Churches are wont to do. This is right. Wisdom should not cry aloud in the streets; she can not be heard above the noise of business. Her voice should be low and sweet, her dwelling away from the market and the shop. Let none pay suit at her shrine but those who love her.

Suppose, gentle reader, we walk together to the library. It may be difficult to find it without a guide. It is not widely known to the genuine New Yorker; even those in the learned professions rarely visit it, unless to look up a reference. Every body can tell you where the jewels and laces are displayed, and where bonnets of the latest style and cloaks of the newest pattern may be found. The papers tell you where to go for all kinds of ornamental and useful articles, from a photographic album to a sewing-machine. Yet comparatively few know about the Astor Library, and fewer still care to visit it. The reason is obvious. A man of business has no time to spend the hours of the day in reading any thing beyond the daily paper. That is the only work of fiction he can give his mind to. Scott and Dickens can wield no spell over his imagination nor rob him of precious hours like those uncrowned monarchs of the press, who inhale day and night the aroma of printer's ink and listen to the music of clinking type. But if a man of wealth has the leisure, he has seldom the inclination to dwell in the shadow of the Astor Library. Better, he thinks, to be chained to the counting-room. The study of the profit side of the ledger is better than Bacon's Essays. To bend over the counter and listen to the frivolous talk of a customer is really fascinating; it is

one of the charms which make this life endurable. To bend over the reader's desk and study the "luminous page of Gibbon" is a drudgery not to be thought of. Where, then, is the reason for the great difference? We feel half ashamed to tell the reason; but it is just here—the customer will yield "greenbacks," while Gibbon will yield only knowledge. By so much as money is prized above learning, by so much will the words of a wealthy fool be heeded, while the eloquence of a dead sage will be neglected. But this is not especially the way of the American people; it is the way of the world. Men every-where are willing to be slaves if their chains are golden ones. The world's exchanges are filled from morn to night with an eager crowd, and they are humming with active life. No bee-hive can be more populous than they are. It is a dreadful thing for a nervous, reflective, quiet, and order-loving man to find himself at the board of brokers. Gamblers are free from excitement compared with the agitated men that place their happiness on stock-bubbles. Bedlam broke loose is a quiet scene compared with such as are visible on many a stock exchange. No man who has visited the "Bourse" at Paris, or any other in a great city, will say this is an exaggeration, though all others will quietly shrug their shoulders, lift their eyebrows gently, and say the picture is surely overdrawn.

If, now, we go to the libraries of the world, what a melancholy few do we find within their walls! No trace of excitement; silence reigns every-where supreme. The readers are not men of like passions with ourselves, but are dreamers, living for the time in an unknown world. Some, though seated in a chair, are roaming in foreign lands, keeping company with the world's great travelers. Some are moving with Dickens in the abodes of the rich, or the poor, or the unhappy. That young lady has no less a companion than Walter Scott, and is gazing with him on a gay tournament scene, wishing she was the fair one for whose sake a brave knight would shiver a lance in deadly combat. Some are delving in the strata of the earth, or taking a survey of the starry host with their eyes upon a printed page. It may seem strange, but most of us know more of planets and stars by looking through the pages of a book than through the lens of a telescope. But look yonder, in that corner sits one with a book before him, but his eyes are closed, and his head is nodding funnily. He is asleep. That book has given rest to one weary body and tired brain. Its author deserves a blessing. Some books vex us, some

fill the mind with doubts, inflame the passions, and degrade the moral sentiment. They have brilliancy of style and the fire of genius, but they have also thoughts that destroy the best instincts of humanity. They have the glittering skin of the serpent, and glide smoothly into the soul only to touch it with a poisonous fang. If such books are written and published I would that they would only lull the reader to sleep. Better is an hour of innocent sleep than of wakeful guilt.

We have had to walk quite a distance, as you see, to get to the Astor Library. But here we are at last. The building has a front of dark stone, and presents no special attraction. Push open with some effort the massive door, walk up the flight of wide stone steps, and then mark the contrast. The palace of knowledge may be dark and forbidding outside, but he who will persevere, and open the door, and mount the steps will find that within all is beauty and grace. Yet as we look around a strange feeling comes over the mind. We do not see such a library as our imagination loves to picture, such a one as may be found in European towns. Every thing bears the marks of newness, of white and green paint freshly laid on. The chairs are of modern style, the long tables contain not a single spot of ink. A student's table should certainly be adorned with these marks of industry. The books for the most part are new, and with their gay bindings seem more for show than use. Now, we confess to a liking for venerable buildings and dilapidated books; there is a charm in handling the original editions of old writers with their quaint type and quainter spelling. A mouse trembles with joy as he nibbles old cheese; it is his nature to do so. We hold it is equally the nature of a student to burrow among books that bear the marks of age, and thus carry the mind back to the time when their author lived. Old wine is taken from old bottles that are covered with dust and fringed with cobwebs. There, for example, is the "Complete Angler," by that father of fishermen, good old Isaak Walton. It is one of the most charming pastorals in the language. To read the opening chapters is like walking along a shady brook, where the air is vocal with rippling water, and rustling leaves, and chirping birds. It has the simple majesty of age about it. We should like to read it just as it was first printed; but such a privilege is not permitted to mortals. The librarian hands us Bohn's edition. The publisher has tried to do his best, but Walton does not look natural in such costly clothes of modern fashion. The

book is filled with steel engravings to please the eye. It is injured with critical comments and editorial notes, and at the back is a long list of firms in London who sell good fishing-tackle. Methinks the spirit of Isaak looks sadly upon those who would use his genius for an advertising medium. Such a one should not be harnessed to the car of trade.

In the Astor Library Mercury has taken up his abode. It is surely strange for him to reside in such a palace. Mercury, who is the scholar's patron, was poor according to ancient mythology. The other gods put poverty upon him as a punishment, and those who look to him are more likely even in this day to have full heads than full houses. But it was not the wealth of Mercury that built the abode. He called in the aid of a merchant's purse; that was the Aladdin's lamp which made the building rise in all its fair proportions. A single merchant prince has done for learning what scholars fail to do. It is kind in a man to toil for wealth which shall benefit others who are strangers. In London not long since they thought a nobleman deserved applause because he constructed at his own expense a small drinking-fountain in the street. It was certainly a humane act, for many a hard-working man drank at the fountain instead of resorting to a neighboring ale-house. But what is a drinking-fountain to a noble library like this? Here are gathered the noble of all ages, noble in thought if not in birth. Orators and essayists, poets and philosophers, men of science and men of learning dwell within these walls. Their bodies lie within the grave, but the immortal part of them rests upon the shelves. They gather here as a mighty cloud of witnesses for the truth. Though voiceless, they still can speak words of power and make their influence felt. The orator is dead, but the oration lives; the poet has gone, but the song still is heard filling the mind with joy; the man of science is sleeping his long sleep, but what he has told us can never be forgotten.

Books are a wonderful power in this world of ours. They are like the authors which inspired them. Some pass away as a Summer's day. No puffing can carry them safely down the stream of time. Let their titles be attractive, let their praise be in all men's mouths, let them rival quack medicines in the space they occupy in the advertising column—all will be in vain. The coming generation will care not who wrote the book or who praised it, but will ask what the book is worth. Many books that people praise to-day and make haste to put on their parlor tables will quietly pass into noth-

ingness, as Smith's Poems and Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" have passed before them.

Let all lovers of literature rejoice that it is so. Some books keep on the crest of the wave for a moment because of their very lightness, but when once saturated, down they sink never to rise again. A really-good book is a vessel that shall keep on sailing because it has been well built. A great book is a king; it rules the thinkers, and they rule all others. Its scepter is that of reason; its sway can only be subverted by fair means. It is a companion, for it amuses us, and when it fatigues us with talking we have only to turn our face from it and it says no more. It is a friend really to counsel us. It is a teacher, willing to repeat its lessons a thousand times over, yet always unable to flog us if we are careless and will not learn. If it is not a prophet to tell the future, it is a magician that can call up the past. It is a skillful cook, and can set before the healthy mind a dish more dainty than the peacocks' brains which graced the royal tables of old.

A French king once said if he must choose his prison he would choose the *Palais Royal*. He was a sensible man. There is no more charming place to be banished than within the walls of this old palace; it is Paris in miniature. The garden within the hollow square formed by the range of buildings is always filled with a gay crowd. Here the newspapers are sold or hired; here the fountain plays through the long Summer afternoon, the band discourses sweet music, and children laugh with joy. Here are shops filled with books, with jewelry, with richly-made clothing. Here are two places of amusement, which are nightly thronged, and two restaurants which have a wide-spread fame among the fraternity of epicures. It is certainly a delightful place to be banished, even for a king. Yet was not King James, of England, wiser than the Frenchman? He visited, in 1605, the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, and made this noble confession to which the heart of every book-lover will respond: "If I were not a king I would be a university man; if it were so that I must be a prisoner, I would desire to have no other prison than this library, and to be chained together with so many good authors."

EVERY thing may be mimicked by hypocrisy but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare humility and love united, the more radiant when they meet.—*Lavater*.

BROTHERS' WIVES.

BY LIZZIE E. THOMPSON.

WE have heard it asserted that a person capable of doing a variety of things well would never be great; that to cultivate our best gift to the neglect of others is to become renowned. If this be true the six big brothers with whom I have been blessed must have sadly interfered with my childish dreams of fame, my faculties having all been pretty equally developed in their service. Now, when I have done up the linen of my only single brother for the last time, I am quite perplexed to find a pursuit that will fill the vacuum left by the resignation of my sisterly cares. I fancy that our worthy editor is shrugging his shoulders at the prospect of a new candidate for literary honors, and the probability of his being the recipient of my first favors. If so he may be comforted, for the continued use of the pen is quite too irksome for an ardent temperament like mine. But hearing this question asked, "Why women never like their sisters-in-law," I concluded it was my duty to draw from my rich and varied experience for the benefit of those who, like friend Harry, have just married the sweetest girl in the world, and are amazed to find that their formerly-amiably sisters are of a very different opinion.

I can remember well the joy with which I heralded the approach of my oldest brother's wedding-day. The prospect of having plenty of cake and lots of other good things was less exhilarating than the fact that the nice young lady who had made dolly such beautiful clothes and patted me so unceasingly would be my own sister all the rest of my life.

But dolly and her wardrobe were quickly forgotten when the ambitious Miss Harpy was firmly established as Mrs. Hart. Nor was it long till sweet little pet sister became a real little torment. I was never very susceptible to the blandishments of nice young ladies in the presence of my eligible brothers after that. My unsophisticated little heart had received a probe which would always rankle there. Joe was certainly very unfortunate in his choice of a wife. Her own family was exalted to No. 1 in her estimation, while ours was only zero. And after taking so much pains to ingratiate herself into our borders it was very annoying. My affection for this charming person did not grow with my growth or prepare me to look with favor upon those who would assume the same relation to me. I remember well the last visit I made her. Unfortunately, it was one dedica-

ted to the entertainment of Miss Rebecca, the oldest and most illustrious of the Harpy family. I was rather pleased than otherwise when I considered that the dainties concocted for the elite would have to be shared with me, and was not a little amused at the thought of my hostess's discomfiture in consequence. Judge of my chagrin, then, when I found that a tea-table could have two sides, and that one spread with tempting pastry, rich cake, and luscious fruits was appropriated by the representative of No. 1, while the other, whose chief glory was stale ginger-bread, codfish hash, and other ill-smelling things, was quietly assigned to zero. As mine host was absent and sisters should make themselves at home, my triumph was a poor one.

I was just beginning to feel the responsibilities of a young lady, and prided myself not a little upon my housewifery, when brother Scott brought his bride to make us a short visit before starting for a new home in the far West. I had had little time to give way to the grief I experienced at the thought of a separation from Scott for years, perhaps for life, so busily was I engaged in giving the old place its fairest looks and selecting the choicest of every thing for our sister-guest. I had been the more anxious about these housekeeping details because Scott was such a practical body. I was quite sure that none but a pattern of neatness and order could possibly win him. Then he had found her when on a visit to the East, where people are supposed to have a "faculty" for doing things right. My awe of her was increased when the lady was ushered into our parlor. She was the neatest, trimmest little person imaginable, with pretty black hair that would have curled if it could, but was combed so very smooth it had no chance, a pair of black eyes, beautiful but searching, and cuffs, collar, and dress fresh and unsullied, despite her long journey. In fact, in seeing her you were instantly impressed with the idea that this self-possessed young lady was entirely superior to circumstances, no amount of stage jostling could bend her bonnet or an army of boots unhinge her dress. Of course I was completely captivated with this beautiful model of perfection, and expressed my admiration to Scott in unlimited terms. Whether he repeated my remarks with lover-like fondness, or she seeing glimpses of faculty about me very promising, or perhaps it was only her New England love of teaching that brought her early into the kitchen on the ensuing morn with the determination of making me as smart as herself. The pupil was docile as the teacher was assiduous, and when the

time came for her departure we were living in the most approved Yankee style, with a smell of salt-rising all through the house, while inodorous Bohea had superseded our good Dutch coffee and fragrant Hyson. I think a longing for my favorite beverages had something to do with my calmness in bidding them adieu. I am glad Scott has so capable a wife.

As a rule there is no family without its pet, and ours formed no exception. From the time of Percy's babyhood, when his precious little life was prolonged from day to day by generous infusions of catnip tea, till the last of his sojourn at the homestead every member of the family felt it a privilege as well as a duty to devote themselves to his service. Absorbed as he was in the care of his health, and the study of his symptoms, I had never once thought of his marrying, though we sometimes teased him about needing a *husband*. I think a sight of Scott's happiness, conjoined with the disgust he entertained for our new sister's innovations, as he termed them, had much to do with his falling in love at the first opportunity with her complete antithesis. A tall, graceful blonde, with easy, almost indolent manners, and fair, curling hair, I should much rather have placed her in a niche in the parlor wall as a beautiful statue than seen her wedded to our fragile Percy and intrusted with the care of his flannels. Often as I had winced at the prospect of my older brothers curbing their high spirits to bend to the yoke of a woman, I ought to have been well pleased that Mrs. Percy was not disposed to take the responsibility of tying a shoe-lace without appealing to Mr. H. for advice and assistance. I grew melancholy with the expectation of his early decease, and nursed a growing antipathy to his easy, amiable wife. Instead of a decline, he looked so strong and manly at his last visit to us I could but wonder at the change. I am convinced that attending to his lady's wants has been good exercise for him, and it is quite probable that confining himself to beefsteak and substantial while she munches his dessert with her own has greatly relieved his digestion. After all my misgivings I am delighted with his choice, and am quite willing that he should trot himself to health in her service if I do not have to see him do it.

As brother Horace was likely to remain in his native place, I felt very much interested in the choice he would make of a companion, and thought that if sisterly advice could avail she should possess all the virtues a mortal can attain. A merry, mischief-loving fellow he was, immoderately fond of the fair from the time he wore "dessus" and was "a dirl hisself." So

I took no notice of his flirtations till I heard of his escorting the same lady twice in succession. Such a remarkable proceeding needed an explanation, and not being very well pleased with the lady's connections, I thought proper to inform him of the fact. The impulsive boy was already plighted, and was irretrievably offended at the liberty I had taken. Instead of hindering, I think I hastened the event. Perhaps I was too proud and not democratic enough, and so can forgive his hastiness, but can never forget the carelessness with which he rent the ties that bound us. A merry little fellow, with bright black eyes, Horace in miniature, sometimes salutes me as Aunt, from which I infer that he is not so proud of his wife's genealogy as to forget his own.

Jerry, whose name comes after Joe's in the family register, was the next to leave us. As a genial companion, good counselor, and ever-ready chaperon, he had so endeared himself to me that the thought of separation was always exceedingly painful. So many years my senior, I mingled with my sisterly regard a feeling of reverence, while the fondness he evinced for my society, the interest he took in my pleasures and pursuits seemed more lover-like than fraternal. I was not searching for defects when I met his bride. I had too exalted an opinion of his taste and judgment to doubt her superiority. Then there never was an inanimate thing, a bird, or flower that he cherished but what was endowed with a sacredness to me. The fact that she was his was entirely sufficient to exonerate her from criticism. But I do not think a disinterested person could find much to blame in the happy being whose fair form and face, superior mental charms, and warm, loving heart has robbed me of my idol. You will, perhaps, think me unreasonable, then, when I say I do not like her, I have no pleasure in her society. If this brother, the best and truest a sister ever had, were taken from me by the angel of death, whose sympathy might I not claim? Then when the endearments that are taken from me and lavished upon another remind me as effectually as falling clods could do that he is lost to me forever, why should I be reconciled?

It is almost impossible for two persons reared in an entirely-different manner, each with a different mode of doing and thinking, to assume so close a relationship without a sharp clash of opinions. It is this collision of likes and antipathies in a majority of cases that prevents sisterly affinities. But where the parties are too sensible, amiable, or indifferent to raise it, there is still left this *natural* feeling, which I

do not like to call jealousy, but can find no better word coined to express. I think this feeling corresponds with the instinct of the mother bird, who pecks her full-fledged birdlings from the nest, and the indifference that brother and sister birdies feel when pussy has a feast and do n't disturb their mates. A dreadful doctrine you may deem it, faithful sister, weeping over what you term your brother's alienation. Be comforted; it is only for a state of probation. There is a country where they are neither married nor given in marriage, and of course there are no sisters-in-law. Your minister has always forgotten to hold up this bright prospect in his exhortations to faithfulness. He might not know that it was more to you than golden pavements, crystal streams, or heavenly symphonies. Or, perchance, he thinks the consolation afforded in the text better adapted to those whose solaces for lost companions so far exceed the supports at their disposal as to excite serious alarm at the prospect of a continued relation in heaven.

It is this view of the matter which has restored my equanimity with regard to my brothers' marriages, and also enables me to bear with composure the approach of Ben's. Never before have I experienced so much tranquillity of mind and body on the eve of a brother's wedding-day. I shall not be present on that interesting occasion. I flatter myself the apology so carefully worded will install me further into the bride's good graces than my presence could, while I shall save her the trouble of instituting a comparison between "my sister and his." I have not worked myself into a fever in the getting up of his linen. She will not think the less of me for a missing button if it calls out a compliment for her deftness at my expense. The homestead is in its usual order, the clock ticks with a soothing sound, the cat purrs undisturbed on the rug. The quiet of the house and the pleasure of its inmates is not disturbed by the din I have heretofore thought proper to raise in preparation for such an event. Working so hard in getting every thing in readiness for an occasion frequently brings on a reaction which renders us quite stupid and unable to enjoy it. Then if the viands are not prepared till they are really needed, they will not only be fresher, but safe in my snug little pantry. I shall be secure from the sound of billing and cooing so delightful to the newly-mated, so aggravating to the non-participant.

I hope the sisterhood may be able to glean something for their comfort from my experience. To the brothers I would say, Let not the joy of a new relation render you quite oblivious to

the good qualities of your sister; and if they have them they will impress themselves upon the mind of your bride without your assistance. Give her the same chance to show hers, and whatever may be the result your conscience is clear. I presume young wives will consider this a one-sided version, and be glad of a chapter devoted to husbands' sisters. I do not wish to become any more conversant with the subject than I am, and if I should enlarge my experience I should probably never find time to give it. I have had too many bright glimpses of connubial bliss to forego matrimony at the prospect of a new sister-in-law or a whole half dozen of them, but I confess to a partial feeling for nice, black-eyed men who have n't any sisters—poor fellows!

SHADOWS.

BY ELECTA L. DE WOLF.

THE day has passed to other lands,
The hours have run their golden sands
I said, and folded weary hands;

The falling dews of night are chill,
The shadows, creeping up so still,
Have cast their gloom above the hill.

When will the night be past again,
The sunshine chase from hill and plain
The shadowy mists and dewy rain?

The weight of years is on my head,
For I remember but the dead,
Past joys which are forever fled.

And faded is the crimson glow
Of blessed hopes; I laid them low,
And o'er the tombs the night winds blow.

My heart shall know, ah, never more,
The happy burden that it bore,
Nor warble music as of yore.

Unnoted while I sat and sighed,
The moon had cast her silver tide—
I threw the window open wide;

A heavenly calm was on the air,
As if 't were redolent with prayer,
Or angel wings were hovering there.

All nature hymned her evening psalm,
The moonlight slept o'er all so calm,
My heart could not resist the balm;

And leaning from the casement far,
I fondly deemed a silver car
Filled with bright angel forms each star;

And then I thought perchance my life,
Like this sweet night, may still be rife
With beauty purer for the strife;

That if to me this peace it brings,
The shadows which the darkness flings
May be but brooding angel wings.

FRONTIER SKETCHES.

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM, A. M.

INDIAN CAMPS.

WHEN the Choctaws were removed by the Government from their country east of the Mississippi River to their new homes in the Indian Territory, portions of them remained behind. The majority of the tribe had been induced to emigrate for the consideration of annuities paid them for their possessions in the country left, with some other advantages promised, and the assurance that the new lands were superior to the old ones. A considerable number, however, under the leadership of some semi-sachems, were less tractable, and clung to the land which had given them birth, and which was endeared to them by a thousand associations, both pleasant and melancholy. For generations past this and other Indian tribes had ceased to be nomadic and wandering, and, although they delighted in the wilds of unbroken forests and roved over wide districts of country in their periodical hunting excursions, yet they had their villages and their homes along the streams to which they are fondly attached. To these they returned from their hunts and their wars with all the local feelings of home common to a more civilized people. These local tribes formed a connecting link between the roving tribes of the plains, and the pioneer white settlers who pushed their way into the primal forests of the frontier. Had the Government incorporated these peaceable aboriginals with the people of the States in which their country was situated, established schools among them, and extended the rights of citizenship to them, no one can doubt that their condition would have been greatly improved. In this way they would have been brought under the immediate influence of Christian civilization, would have been incited to emulation in the industrial pursuits of life, and gradually but surely their aboriginal customs and habits would have been displaced by those of civilized life.

Most of those, however, who at first refused to accompany their brethren to their new homes in the far West were afterward induced to emigrate. Some six hundred of these laggards were brought into the territory while I was stationed at the New Hope Mission and camped in the vicinity of the Agency. Their arrival was marked by no mutual greetings between them and those who had preceded them to the country; many years of separation had made them strangers, though they spoke the same

language and were of the same original stock. There were also other reasons for this coldness between those who were jointly to occupy the country. The new-comers could not congratulate their old friends on the fortunateness of the change they had made, for the new country was every way inferior to that which they had left behind; nor could their friends welcome them to the new possessions with any heart, for they sadly felt that the exchange was for the worse. They seemed to regard them rather as intruders, who had come to witness and share the sufferings of their unfavorable change of fortune.

The Indians of large tribes are divided not only into districts over which a chief presides, but also into smaller communities under the leadership of petty chieftains, each community managing its own local affairs. It was such separate communities generally which at first refused to emigrate with the main body of their tribe. Had the loiterers behind been composed of persons from different communities there would have been the mutual greetings of old friends and the renewing of former associations on their arrival; but it was otherwise, and the new-comers were more like a foreign tribe than a part of the same original one. And there was still another difference between the two parties. The new-comers were behind their old friends in civilization and general improvement. They had lived on less friendly terms with their white neighbors in Mississippi, whom they suspected of fraudulent intentions to gain possession of their lands, and from whom they lived aloof in sullen isolation; while, on the other hand, the new nation settled in the Territory had organized a representative government, and their school funds had secured for them considerable progress in education and general improvement. On this account, also, there was but little cordiality and good feeling between the old and new settlers in the Territory.

The Government had stipulated to supply the recent emigrants with stated rations of beef, cornmeal, and beans for one year after their arrival, so that they might not suffer or plunder before they could prepare themselves homes and the means of subsistence. But with the usual Indian improvidence, instead of scattering and building cabins and opening farms, as they had been advised to do, most of them remained in camps within a short distance of each other. An Indian seems to have but little concern for the future, and with present supplies he literally "takes no thought for the morrow what he shall eat, or what he shall

drink, or wherewithal he shall be clothed." Besides, finding the country so much less of a paradise than it had been represented to them, and their brethren less cordial and less prosperous than they had been told they should find them, they seemed to have no hearts to make homes among them. Indeed, a few of them, in spite of all remonstrances against it, turned their backs upon their brethren and their faces toward the rising sun, and took up the line of solitary march back to their cherished homes east of the great water. The poor Indian's fate is a sad and melancholy one, and with all his faults and savage cruelty his history will excite the sympathies of Christian hearts more and more as he wastes away and loses his distinctiveness, like the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians under the Aztecs and the Incas.

The new camps had each its separate leader, and those who composed them had arranged themselves in the separate divisions according to their temper and character. One camp was almost entirely composed of religious persons; their leader or semi-sachem was a venerable-looking, gray-haired sire, who had a written license as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He kept the paper in a tin box, and, though he was unable to read it, he was fond of exhibiting it to every white man who visited him, and he seemed to prize it above every thing else in his possession, and when told that it was all right he smiled, and tucked it away in its case with great care. He was reputed by his admirers to have been "much brave" in his vigorous days, and he was fond of telling that he "kill heap Injin" before he was converted. His palmy days, however, were gone, and he was now quite infirm. His camp was in sight of our mission, and he frequently attended our religious services on the Sabbath, but as they were conducted in English he could not enter into them freely. We treated him, however, with great attention and consideration, both on account of his great age and his religious character, and had him to dine with us, which abundantly made up in his feelings any lack of interest which he might have in our worship. He sometimes preached to his people, but mostly to his own camp, and even there he seemed to be superannuated. Having failed to attend our meetings for several weeks, I visited him in company with my wife one Saturday afternoon to stir up his pure mind by way of remembrance. He greeted us cordially, and hunted up his aged squaw by way of being equal with me. We had a pleasant "talk," mostly by signs, and I became greatly interested in this

aged couple, who were about closing an eventful life far away from the graves of their ancestors and the homes of their youth. The younger members of the camp seemed greatly pleased at the respect shown their chieftain, but they were puzzled to understand why squaws should be made so conspicuous as to sit in council with us, especially as my wife seemed to take a very prominent part in the deliberations. I urged the old man to attend our meetings at New Hope, and also to preach Jesus to his people in the camps; but he shook his head despondingly, and said, "Injin no hear! Injin fool! Injin drink whisky! me no talk! me grow corn! heap beans!" The old patriarch had evidently become discouraged with the waywardness of his people, and was disposed to give them over to hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind. I tried to encourage him by telling him that Noah had preached a hundred and twenty years, and that he should preach while he lived, leaving results with God, but I doubt whether I made him understand me. However, he was at our meeting the next day.

Another of these camps was a little over a mile from the mission; they were in the main well disposed, and some among them were religious. A third was only about half a mile from us, and was made up of perfect desperadoes, wholly given up to drinking, carousing, and fighting. They were in continual feuds among themselves, and frequently managed to become embroiled with the other camps and the settlers in the neighborhood. Their annuities were spent for whisky, which was smuggled in from the State line, and fights and murders were of frequent occurrence among them. They were very unpleasant neighbors to us at the mission, disturbing our rest by night with their hideous yells, which rang through the woods with a shuddering fierceness. I was the only male person attached to the mission premises, and as I make no pretension to the daring hero, I may be allowed to confess that this tumultuous camp sometimes severely tried my nerves. The Grand Council had enacted very stringent laws for the protection of missionaries and missions, but it might be too late to enforce laws after a few hundred intoxicated savages had made a murderous assault upon a bevy of defenseless young girls, a lone man who was not a "brave," his wife, and an old negro woman. The "Light Horse," a mounted police, were our only dependence in an emergency, but these were few and inefficient for a sudden summons and emergency. A kind Providence, however, protected us, and

beyond a few petty annoyances we were unharmed.

I have spoken of Indian camps, but the reader must not suppose that those referred to mean any thing more than a motely assemblage of men, women, and children grouped about under the trees, intermixed with ponies and dogs, women at their brush fires amid pots, ovens, and tin-pans, men lounging on blankets and smoking, and children in a state of nature scuffling, wrestling, and racing. Their shelters consisted of here and there a booth of brush walls and bark cover, a tattered blanket or buffalo robe suspended from forks stuck in the ground or fastened to poles and lodged against the trunks of trees.

On returning to the mission one Summer evening after a jaunt through the woods, my attention was attracted by a confusion and clatter in one of the buildings. One of our neighbors from an adjacent camp, a good deal the worse for whisky, was chasing a bevy of girls with their matron from room to room. As he pursued them through one door they escaped by another, and as in his swaggering condition he had occasionally to stop in order to recover his balance, the girls could easily keep out of his way. He seemed to be in high glee, wondering, no doubt, what fairy-land he had so unexpectedly been introduced to in this new country. A moment before I got up with him he had been brought to a sudden halt by the locking of a door, and was vigorously applying his shoulder to push it open. He could not comprehend why he should be so summarily interfered with in his high career, and he was disposed at first to resist my authority. He was of a good-natured, sunny countenance, and but for his drams would hardly have been caught in such a place and at so mean a business. His dress was slovenly but good, he was unarmed except with the tomahawk, and a flask of whisky protruded its neck from one of his pockets, much after the fashion of civilized customs. The indispensable aunt Hetty was summoned as interpreter, and our uninvited and unwelcome visitor was made acquainted with the character of the place and the legal penalty he had incurred in disturbing a mission. A full pardon was offered him, however, on condition that he would depart without delay and not molest us again. As soon as he learned the facts his anxiety to leave was stronger than ours to have him go, the danger of falling into the hands of the national police, who dealt very roughly with their prisoners, being very much dreaded. I wished to give him some evidence of our kind

feelings, believing that such friendly expressions would be the best guarantee against disturbances in the future, and yet I dreaded the idea of having the camps know that our picket-fence could be passed at liberty: for once I felt inclined to keep a sort of nunnery, so far as the neighboring camps were concerned. So I conducted our visitor to the wicket, assuring him that he would never be in any danger from the missionaries, they being kindly disposed to every body. Really I became interested in the fellow after my first indignation at his conduct was over, and I desired to be of some service to one who wore so honest-looking a countenance. After warning him against whisky as tending to make a good Indian a fool and leading him into dangers, we parted with a cordial shake of the hand, which was the pledge of eternal friendship.

One dark, stormy Winter morning I was awakened from my slumbers about four o'clock by a singular groaning, which seemed to proceed from beneath our room, the building standing on stone pillars several feet high. The moaning was intermitted at short intervals and renewed with increased loudness, and seemed to come from one in distress. It could not be from any of the inmates of the mission, for it was evidently a man's voice. I felt unwilling to awaken my wife lest she should be unnecessarily alarmed, but I was soon relieved by her calmly asking what I thought the grunting moan to be. We waited and listened till we satisfied ourselves that it was a real voice of distress, and not a well-feigned attempt to deceive us, such as these wary red men sometimes practice. But who was the sufferer? where was he? and how could we relieve him? were questions revolved in my mind. It must be some wandering red-skin who had lost himself in the darkness of the night, and who had crawled under the house to shelter himself from the storm. But how had he passed our picket inclosure? The rain was descending in torrents, and the wind howled among the trees; the night was cold and uncommonly dark. I resolved on exploring the mystery, and on extending such relief as the case might require. On sallying out I found that the voice came from outside of the fence, which passed near the house we were lodging in, and there I found a poor fellow crouched down in a sheet of standing water, his head on his knees, and the cold rain and sleet beating on his bare back. He was without a stitch of clothing except a pair of buckskin leggins well saturated with water, his long black hair hanging down over his face, and the

water dripping from it, and his red hide exposed to the pitiless peltings of the storm. He was evidently intoxicated, and after a fruitless effort to get over the fence and find shelter from the storm he had sunk down in that wretched condition. I called to him, but received no answer; already his moans had become few and faint, and he was fast sinking into torpor. The day was now dawning; aunt Hetty's bell had already been rung, lights had appeared in the dormitories of the girls, and they would soon be out, as was their custom, overrunning every part of the premises. The case of my torpid man under such circumstances became somewhat difficult of management, and yet something must be done for his relief. Fortunately John M'Intosh, a native preacher, had come to the mission the evening before, and we had made him a bed in the school-room. I aroused him from his slumbers, reported the case to him, and asked his immediate assistance. It was some time before he could shake off the grasp of Morpheus, and, Indian like, seemed very slow and indifferent to a case which was beginning to give me painful concern. What he lacked in speed, however, he made up in Indian sagacity; he knew exactly how to manage the case. Taking his own blanket with him we proceeded to the place, raised up the wretched man and found him perfectly benumbed and unable to speak. The blanket was wrapped around him, and with one to each arm, like good Samaritans, we managed to move him into a small log-cabin, which we occupied as a lumber-room. Here we laid him on the floor and built a huge fire, rubbing his limbs till warmth and circulation were restored, when he fell asleep and snored lustily. In this condition we left him till morning worship and breakfast were over, and toward dinner we succeeded in rousing him up to a consciousness which had been suspended for many hours, but he was still intoxicated and stupid. Warm coffee and a hearty breakfast, however, made him more himself again, and he expressed himself greatly relieved in finding that he was not a captive, for by some unaccountable fancy he thought himself at first a prisoner in the hands of the Creeks. His story was to the effect that he had been on a visit to a neighboring camp the night before, where they had a "big drunk," and that the dastardly fellows had robbed him of his pony, arms, blanket, and clothing, except his leggins, which they could not get off, being sewed tightly to his legs with thongs. He had fled from them in the dark, and was seeking shelter from the storm, not knowing where he was. After giving us many promises that he

would reform his life, and making many declarations of friendship to our mission, he took his departure for his own camp, wearing off M'Intosh's blanket, which he promised to return that same day when the sun should be midway between the zenith and the western horizon. I expressed my suspicion that the vagabond would never return the blanket, but my friend insisted that when an Indian pledged his word in friendship he would not fail, and sure enough, about the time named our recent patient stood at the gate, not venturing to enter the inclosure. He wore a new red blanket, and had the borrowed one neatly rolled up under his arm; he was now completely sobered, and looked quite crestfallen over his odd misfortunes.

While I was returning from the Agency one day a squad of equestrians from one of the camps were galloping along in fine style; one of them, being quite intoxicated, lost his balance as his pony was turning a corner, and was thrown with dreadful violence on his head and shoulders. I hailed his companions, but they dashed on with break-neck speed till the loose pony of the dismounted man came up with them, when they halted, brought him back, and tied him to a sapling near his prostrate master. They dragged their senseless, bleeding companion out of the road and laid him under the shade of a tree and left him. I returned to the place in the evening, but found horse and rider gone. So reckless and easy is life among these savages.

I had a regular appointment for preaching, arranged for the accommodation of the new camps. We met once in two weeks, on Tuesday evening, the only time I could obtain the services of brother M'Intosh to interpret for me. Our place of meeting was a vacant log house near the Agency, where a good-sized congregation convened from time to time, both from the camps and the settlers in the neighborhood. At one of these appointments the interpreter failed to arrive on account of the swollen condition of the streams occasioned by recent heavy rains. The congregation had gathered in, and it was my purpose to attempt nothing further than to sing and pray and then dismiss the people. Among the colored people present was a tall, rough, rattling vagabond of a fellow named Jake, who was the slave of a Choctaw widow lady living in the neighborhood, and whom I had known only slightly as a noisy, graceless ox-driver, somewhat forward and bold in his behavior, but usually intrusted, as most slaves are among Indians, with the most responsible interests of trade and contracts. Jake spoke the Choctaw language with readiness,

and had the gift of gab amazingly in English. With quite a sanctimonious air he came to me on the evening of our meeting and offered to relieve me from my awkward embarrassment by tendering his services as interpreter. I objected on the ground that he was a slave, and that his rank in society interdicted him from such a position. He insisted, however, that Indians were not like white folks in that respect, and that with them his services would be quite acceptable. I then remonstrated against the proposal on the ground that he was not pious, not even a Church member; but he replied that he had once been a good Methodist, and that he purposed to be one again. Still I declined his offer. Jake, however, was not to be put off so easily; he saw an opportunity for making himself conspicuous, and it was an opportunity not to be lost. He soon gained the consent of several prominent members of the congregation, and reported that they wished me to preach and him to interpret. I then sent him to his mistress, who was in the congregation, and found that she did not object, though I thought she seemed not to be cordial in her assent. What Jake said to the Indians I did not learn, but I strongly suspected that he presented his proposal to them as a request from me. I concluded on the whole to give them a short, simple talk on religion, believing that, however fluently Jake might be able to gab about raising corn and cotton, he must be deficient in theology. As we stood up together before our Indian auditors we presented a serio-comic picture of which, to tell the truth, I have ever since been ashamed. It was one of the numerous indiscretions of my early life that I may be allowed to publish. A painter, fond of humorous and whimsical objects for his brush, would have been delighted with the scene presented by us that evening. Jake was at least six feet and four inches in height, and his color was of the deepest ebony black, for none could boast of purer blood than he. His limbs were long and clumsy, his features rugged, and he was, in short, a burly, woolly-headed, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, big-footed negro. His costume was perfectly in keeping with his person and his position as a slave, looking all the worse for his loose and reckless habits. He wore a coarse cotton shirt, open at the collar, exposing a black, bony breast of enormous surface. Over this there was hanging loosely on his shoulders a calico hunting-shirt, minus one sleeve, his elbow of the arm favored with a sleeve protruding through both garments. A pair of coarse pantaloons, through the fabric of which both knees had worked their way,

and between which and the length of his lower limbs there was a shocking inequality, completed his dress. A pair of incredibly-monstrous feet were bare, and had probably never been ornamented with moccasins or trammelled with raw-hide brogans. Thus he stood up by my side, straight and stiff like a Colossus, a most grotesque-looking figure, occasionally slinging his long arm over my head and bringing it down with outrageous vigor by way of putting an emphasis on the discourse. It soon became apparent that his vanity overbalanced his judgment, and I began to feel, like a boatman who pushes his craft too far out into the current for safety, a most anxious concern about getting back to shore. In this I succeeded at last, and the conclusion of what Jake afterward was fond of calling a great sermon was reached, with a strong resolution never to be persuaded into such a predicament again. After the closing prayer Jake bent over and, with a most provoking audacity, asked, "Shall I 'zort?" There was for a moment a struggle between mirth and indignation, which were with difficulty suppressed as unbecoming the occasion, and the interpreter was decently dismissed from any further service. When the meeting was concluded, and I was retiring very much mortified, Jake, with a facetious and good-humored air, gave me to understand that at any time his services should be needed in the capacity of an interpreter they were at my command; but they were never called for afterward. The Indians behaved themselves all this time with decorum and seriousness; to them our ludicrous procedure seemed to have no impropriety. Their slaves are frequently their interpreters in business transactions with the whites, which is looked upon by them as nothing disreputable.

While I was at New Hope I had a Sabbath appointment for preaching every few weeks, about four miles from the mission, where I preached in a grove to a congregation of very orderly hearers, about two-thirds of the number being Indians and the other third slaves. It was one of the best settlements in the country, and most of the natives understood some English, so that no interpreter was needed. I usually dined with a widow lady, who had several married sons that, like herself, were members of the Church. The old lady would never speak a word of English in my presence, though her sons informed me that she understood the language very well. She had considerable wealth, and owned several slaves. One of her sons had spent much of his time as interpreter in a store in a border town, where he had become corrupted and dissipated.

I found him one Sunday morning at the house of his mother, arrayed from top to toe in the gorgeous native costume, with plumed turban and hideously-painted face, and quite intoxicated. On informing him that I had come to preach, and that we were about to have meeting in the adjacent grove, where I hoped to be favored with his presence, he cursed the missionaries and religion, turned over the chairs in the house, and dashed about like a madman, and then started off through the woods yelling and raving. His mother did not utter a word nor change her countenance, but righted up things after him with marvelous patience and composure. She, no doubt, understood his humor and temper, and would not venture any thing which might further excite his ungovernable passions. All went to the meeting, and in the midst of my discourse the wayward son came through the woods yelling like a demon, and breathing out threatening and slaughter against missionaries and meetings. As the congregation remained composed, I kept on with my discourse, supposing that they knew best how to manage the case, but keeping a wary eye on the approaching disturber. Presently the old lady made a significant nod to a trusty slave, who immediately went out and met the intruder, and after a short parley turned him off from us, when the slave returned and resumed his seat in the congregation.

Such were some of the incidents which served to break the monotony of a lonesome missionary life, and which gave to such a life the tinge of romance.

NO ONE TO CARRY THE KEYS.

BY MERIDA A. BARCOCK.

I've bought me a snug little cottage,
As cozy as cozy can be;
Not down by the dark rolling river,
Nor yet by the blue rolling sea;

But here in my own quiet villa,
Half hid by the tall, waving trees;
But O, what is life in a cottage
With no one to carry the keys?

I turn to my desolate dwelling
Whene'er the day's labor is o'er,
But find there no gentle form waiting
To clasp at the half-open door.

"Aunt Margery" comes in from the kitchen
And mumbles such phrases as these:
"I wish he'd make haste and get married,
I'm tired of wearing these keys."

My larder is full to o'erflowing
With vegetables, poultry, and hams;
For those with a taste more exquisite
I've the best of fruit, jellies, and jams.

But when at my table I linger
To feast on such dainties as these,
My appetite sinks with my spirits—
I've no one to carry the keys.

To tell of my cares and my crosses,
Domesticly speaking, would cause
Most any young lady of feeling
At least for a moment to pause.

And pausing, she then might indulge in
Soliloquies something like these:
"Poor fellow! he's lonely," and "may be
He'd like me to carry the keys."

So when I've a few moments' leisure
I'll call on some fair one I know;
I won't ask a formal permission
To be "for the season" her beau.

I won't swear her eyes are like diamonds,
Nor even fall down on my knees;
I'll just ascertain if she loves me—
If so, *she* shall carry the keys.

EMBLEM OF THE FREE.

BY H. B. WARDWELL.

THE emblem of the tyrant's sway
Might well in dust lie low,
For where it floats in proud display
The fettered slave must bow.
No land should mourn its glory fled
From mountain, hill, and sea,
But o'er its ruin rear instead
The emblem of the free.

And while o'er earth the breezes sweep,
And while the rivers flow,
Or while the blue waves of the deep
In heaven's pure sunshine glow,
May patriot hands that flag uphold
As swift the years shall flee,
With all its burning stars of gold,
The emblem of the free!

To youth its starry page unfold;
With rapture let him see
The hope of nations yet untold—
Of ages yet to be.
Let age rejoice to catch its gleam
On monument and fane;
And may the brightness of its beam
Inspire the minstrel's strain!

Around our country's flag to-day
The war-cloud wreathes its pall;
It floats above the battle fray
Where dying patriots fall;
But who would ask beside each grave,
That flag might cease to be?
Long may that star-decked banner wave,
Bright emblem of the free!

LIVING CELEBRITIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. G. M. STEELE.

MEN OF HARVARD.

HARVARD COLLEGE, or the University at Cambridge, as it is otherwise designated, is the oldest existing collegiate institution in this country. It is also the most amply endowed, having over one million dollars' worth of invested funds, while its lands, buildings, libraries, works of art, museums, etc., though having no assigned value on the treasurer's books, amount to probably much more than another million. There are, besides private edifices, fifteen public buildings, some of them venerable and rather shabby, but others elegant and tasteful specimens of architecture. The College is situated about three miles from the center of Boston, on the border of the charming suburb of old Cambridge. It occupies about fourteen acres of ground, handsomely laid out, and shaded with beautiful and majestic trees. One of the finest libraries in the nation is the property of this University. It contains over a hundred and twenty thousand volumes, besides a great collection of pamphlets.

The College has existed about two hundred and twenty years, and the number of its graduates, not reckoning the recipients of honorary degrees, is more than seven thousand. The list of instructors includes thirty-three professors and eighteen other teachers, tutors, proctors, etc. There are usually in attendance between seven and eight hundred students, of whom more than half are in the undergraduate course, and the rest in the scientific and the various professional schools.

Of course, in the presidential and professional chairs of such an institution, as well as otherwise connected with it, we may expect to find some of the most eminent lights of our land. For this reason we make it the center of our first group of distinguished New England men. We do not propose to give a description of all the men who help to make the institution famous, or for whom the institution performs the same office, but only of those in whom the public are more particularly interested.

EX-PRESIDENT QUINCY.

Sitting in the crowded church one day at the inauguration of a new president, not long after the commencement of the oration, we became aware of something unusual in the assembly—the beginning of a determined applause, which could not have been occasioned by any thing in the address, eloquent as that was. In an

instant the whole congregation arose, and the most enthusiastic cheers, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and other spontaneous manifestations of welcome were witnessed, in which there were evident feelings of reverence mingled with affection. It was such an ovation as is rarely seen. The object of this was an old man bowed and slightly decrepit, but appearing cheerful, sprightly, and happy, while the light of intelligence still glowed in his countenance and beamed from his eye. As he came forward from the rear of the platform the governor, judges, senators, cabinet officers, and foreign ministers rose up and made way for him, and all delighted to do him honor. Twice have we seen this exhibition with an interval of several years between. This was the venerable Josiah Quincy, LL. D., the eldest of the ex-presidents, and perhaps now the oldest living graduate of the College. He belongs to a class of men who flourished in a former generation, and of whom he is almost the only living representative. He is now in the ninety-third year of his age,* having had almost uninterrupted health from infancy, and having an intellect still clear and vigorous. We heard him say on a Commencement occasion about five years ago, that that was the seventy-second Commencement at Harvard at which he had been consecutively present; we believe he has been at every one since. In the inauguration of President Hill last March he witnessed the induction of the fifth of his successors into the important office.

As is well known, Mr. Quincy belongs to a family which belongs to the history of the country. Both his grandfather and his father were among the chiefest of the Revolutionary leaders in Boston. The latter, though dying at the age of thirty-one, before the great contest had fairly begun, was intimately associated in action, as he still is in fame, with Otis and Warren, and excited by his pen and his voice perhaps a more powerful influence than even either of them. After having executed an important political mission in England, though in feeble health, he determined to risk a return and convey the results personally to his associates. But his malady increased and he died

* We have seen it stated recently that on one night in February, 1772, the same physician was called to two prominent Boston families, in each of which a son was born. The physician was Joseph Warren, of Bunker Hill fame, and the children born were the now venerable Josiah Quincy and John Singleton Copley, the late Lord Lyndhurst, who deceased during the last year. We are not prepared to vouch for the truth of the statement, but give it as we find it.

when just at the entrance of the port. Almost his last words were, "I should die content could I but have an hour's interview with Samuel Adams or Joseph Warren."

The present Mr. Quincy has inherited and retained to this day the grand old conspicuous virtues of his family. Born about three years before the outbreak of hostilities, he had his boyhood in those impressive years of determined struggle and final victory. His youth and early manhood were while the elements of the inchoate republic were coalescing and taking form. He graduated at Harvard when eighteen, studied law, and was early admitted to the bar. But he had a natural taste for public affairs, and entered into the stirring politics of the times. His clearly-defined, frankly-expressed, and sturdily-defended opinions were then, as such opinions are now, no guarantee of immediate success, and as a candidate for important offices he was nearly as often defeated as elected. He was no political trimmer, no safe conservative, no timid compromiser. When in office his private conviction governed him more than party policy, and more than once his political friends were persuaded to drop him as an unmanageable man.

In 1828, on the death of Dr. Kirkland, he was elected to the Presidency of the University. There was some opposition on account of his being a layman, but his success was remarkable, and during the sixteen years of his incumbency the College saw perhaps some of its palmiest days. Since his resignation he has lived a retired life, alternating between his residence in Boston and his country seat in Quincy. But he has never lost his interest in public affairs, nor ceased to speak his occasional word of warning, opinion, or encouragement. It has been refreshing in the recent years of agitation to hear the voice of this ancient and honored patriot ringing out from his retirement the words of positive doctrine and counsel. A consistent and ardent opponent of the proslavery policy of the land, he has not failed to protest against it when only a despised minority ventured to wage warfare for freedom, and now in the gigantic struggle which is about to free the nation from this political nightmare, he lives to rejoice in the hope of a victory and deliverance grander than even his own lofty hope.

Besides many political pamphlets, President Quincy has been the author of several permanent volumes. The "Memoir of Josiah Quincy, jr., of Massachusetts," (his father,) "History of Harvard University," "The History of the Boston Athenæum," and "The Municipal His-

tory of the Town and City of Boston during Two Centuries," are among his published works.

EDWARD EVERETT.

To this renowned orator, distinguished statesman, and brilliant scholar we can not expect to do justice in these brief sketches. He was the son of the Rev. Oliver Everett, who was, previous to 1792, settled over a Church in Boston, but who at that time, on account of declining health, removed to Dorchester, where Edward was born in April, 1794. The latter was a precocious boy, but his forwardness did not, as is often the case, exhaust itself in childhood. He entered Harvard College at the early age of thirteen, ranked high in a talented class, and graduated with distinguished honor in 1811, leaving behind him an enviable reputation as a scholar and writer. He served the College as a tutor during his theological course, and at nineteen years of age was settled as pastor over the Brattle-Street Church, one of the most influential societies in Boston. He won here great admiration by the eloquence and power of his pulpit discourses. Before he was twenty-one he was elected to the professorship of Greek Literature in the University, and with a view of qualifying himself for the duties of this post, he spent four years in a course of European study and travel. He was about two years at the University of Göttingen, where his range of studies embraced the ancient classics, the modern languages, the history and principles of the civil and public law, and a comprehensive examination of the existing political system of Europe. On his return he entered upon the duties of his professorship, and his course as an instructor was unusually successful and brilliant.

He assumed about this time the editorship of the *North American Review*, the tone of which he perceptibly elevated. He began his career in the department of demonstrative oratory, in which he has since won so great fame, by the delivery in 1824 of a discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society on the "Circumstances Favorable to the Progress of Literature in America." It was heard with intense delight and responded to with eager enthusiasm. The venerable Lafayette was on the platform, and the oration concluded with a personal address to him, "the simple pathos of which left his hearers in a state of emotion too deep for tumultuous applause."

The same year, without being consulted, he was nominated for representative to Congress, and thus commenced his public political life.

He served ten years in Congress, where the results of his political studies in Europe became happily available to him. He was on some of the most important committees, and his influence was extensive and effective. At the close of his fifth term of service in the National legislature he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, which office he filled four years. In 1841 he was appointed to represent the Government of the United States at the British Court. In this position he not only conducted the diplomatic affairs pertaining to his office with great skill and prudence, but he achieved great popularity by his cultivation and accomplishments, while his public speeches were received with enthusiasm.

On his return home in 1845 he was elected to the presidency of Harvard College, in which he continued three years. Whether from ill health or from some other cause, his success was less complete here than in most other positions occupied by him. After a few years of retirement he was, on Mr. Webster's death, called to the post of Secretary of State at Washington. He has since been for a short time a senator in Congress, but for the last ten years has withdrawn from political life, except so far as to permit his name to be used in 1860 as that of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency in unfortunate conjunction with John Bell, of Tennessee.

But, though not much in political life, during these last years Mr. Everett has been continually before the public laboring with most patriotic and worthy aims. The whole country remembers with respect and gratitude his grand oration on Washington, which has been repeated nearly a hundred and thirty times, in all the principal cities and towns of the land. The proceeds, without even deducting his own traveling expenses, have been appropriated to the fund for the purchase of the Mount Vernon estate. The whole amount realized from this single source is considerably more than \$50,000. Other noble charities have received the benefit of Mr. Everett's eloquence to the amount of tens of thousands of dollars. The aggregate sum realized for these several public and charitable causes from Mr. Everett's addresses will not fall short of \$90,000.

That Mr. Everett is a man of large benevolent and generous public spirit needs no further proof than that given above. In private life he is a gentleman of the purest character, so that even the intensest political animosity has not been able to detect a flaw in his reputation.

As a statesman his most unfortunate charac-

teristic has been that of an intense conservatism bordering upon timidity. Every movement threatening popular agitation and possible temporary convulsion—as what important movement does not?—has found in him a determined antagonist. It was the most unhappy utterance perhaps of his life when, during the early years of the antislavery agitation, to show his disapprobation of the movement, he declared himself ready, if servile insurrection should occur in the South, to shoulder his musket to help put it down. Up to the outbreaking of the rebellion, though aware that for thirty years the slaveholders had been plotting this gigantic crime, he had still hoped that some other means might be found to thwart their schemes than by bold and direct opposition to their measures; consequently, he has ever been the consistent opponent of the antislavery movement. But since the commencement of hostilities no man has occupied a nobler position or been the author of a more powerful patriotic influence than Edward Everett. No man has more obviously than he thrown off the trammels of party, disinterestedly separating himself in his opinions from life-long associates. His position is still conservative, as becomes his mental structure, but still far enough from what is offensive in that term. He is frank, brave, and outspoken in dealing with the rebellion and its sympathizers, giving a hearty and valuable support to the Government in all its measures for the suppression of the causeless and inhuman revolt. It will give luster to his fame in the ages to come, and add veneration and affection to the admiration which has hitherto crowned his life.

As an orator in his own particular line, Mr. Everett stands superior to any other of his country, and probably in the world. Whether his particular style is superior to any other is a different question. As an effective rhetorician, in the best sense of that sometimes ill-treated term, he is unsurpassed. Brilliancy is the one term which most fitly characterizes his rhetorical performances; but it is not mere brilliancy of color, or dress, or ornament—the glitter which sometimes lacks much of being gold. His splendor of diction, his skillful collocation of words and “marshaling of phrases” convey a wealth of thought, of which they are only the appropriate vehicle. The highest emotion excited by hearing one of his discourses is admiration, and that sometimes amounts to enthusiasm. He does not take your heart up into his, producing that oneness of *sentiment* between speaker and hearer which is the grandest effect of eloquence. He may carry your

thought captive at his will—so far he will convince and satisfy you—but he has scarcely that mighty persuasive power to which the whole soul yields glad and grateful submission.

Mr. Everett is just now completing his seventieth year. His mental force is yet unabated, and he has not perceptibly passed the zenith of his powers. We may expect yet some years of active service from him while living, and long years after his activities cease he will continue to speak to the generations that are yet to come.

PRESIDENT HILL.

Coming down to those actively related to the College, we must not omit to mention the present head of the University, albeit he is yet comparatively young for so elevated a position, and is withal less of a celebrity and more of a man than some to whom we shall refer. The Rev. Homer Hill, D. D., is now in the forty-seventh year of his age, having been born at New Brunswick, New Jersey, January 8, 1818. Left an orphan at ten years of age, he was apprenticed to a printer, with whom he served four years, and afterward entered an apothecary's shop, where he continued nearly as long. He had been, to school, however, a year in the mean time. By whatever means, and through whatever difficulties—and there is reason to believe the former were not very abundant or encouraging, and the latter not very small—he managed to enter Harvard College, from which he graduated with high honors in 1843. He subsequently studied at the Divinity School in Cambridge, and was settled as pastor of the Unitarian society in Waltham, near Boston, in 1845. As a pastor for more than a dozen years he was much beloved, and he was highly esteemed in all the region round about him. He belongs to the evangelical wing of the Unitarians, and is regarded as a most catholic-spirited Christian gentleman.

Dr. Hill has been a contributor to the highest periodical literature of the times, and has published two or three occasional volumes. But his chief intellectual ability is displayed in the exact sciences; most of the mathematical articles in the *New American Cyclopædia* were written by him. Singularly enough one of the principal objections to his election to the presidency of the College was his alleged exclusively-scientific proclivity. For it must be known that old mother Harvard, though having all excellent facilities in a scientific way, nevertheless rather prides herself on giving her children a thorough training in classical and elegant scholarship, caring comparatively less for natural

science and pure mathematics. We do not mean that the latter are so much wanting or entirely neglected, but they are certainly less popular than the former. But the new President with one of the best scientific minds in the country unites a literary ability, in the exercise of which he has done much already to extend the field of research in his favorite department, while his promise for the future is very great.

Dr. Hill, however, is not merely a scholar. His early life furnished him ample occasion to cultivate the practical qualities of manhood, and his good sense and excellent judgment eminently fit him for the government of an institution. He was in 1859 chosen to succeed Horace Mann in the presidency of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, and in 1863, on the death of Dr. Felton, he was called to his present important position.

In personal appearance the new President is not prepossessing. He is of more than medium height, rather loosely built, stoops somewhat, and has a slightly-awkward attitude when making an address. He has little of the orator, though he would always attract attention from the quality of his thought and the clearness and naturalness with which it is presented. His physique is in striking contrast with that of his immediate predecessor. Dr. Felton's "bodily presence" was one of the finest in the world, and a person seeing him in a crowd would instinctively recognize his superiority and desire to know who he was. But, though Dr. Hill lacks this, he is not wanting in those qualities which will make him both admired and beloved in any community where his lot may be cast.

THE SNOW.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

THE snow! the beautiful snow!
How it sparkles and glows in the bright sunlight!
How the tree-shadows fall on its mirror of white!
Each twig and each bough, it is penciled aright
On the snow, the beautiful snow.

The snow! the beautiful snow!
Thesaurus of art and evolver of skill,
What cannons and forts are fashioned at will!
And what giants of generals, colossal and still,
All molded in beautiful snow!

The snow! the beautiful snow!
Precursor of coasting with boisterous train,
Of sleigh-rides by moonlight o'er echoing plain;
And all but the skaters will join the refrain
In praise of the beautiful snow.

BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT, D. D.

NIGHT THE SIXTEENTH.

WE are standing, reader, on the most elevated point of a small island of not more than three hundred superficial acres, which lies directly in the channel that runs from the most beautiful of the many charming lakes of Sweden, known as the Mælar, to an arm of the sea stretching nearly to the lake from the far-famed Baltic. The sea and the lake, in fact, are not more than a hundred yards apart, and the island on which we stand is washed on three sides by fresh water, while its remaining side forms the western shore of the sea. Two smaller islands, one on the west, the other on the north, are separated from the one we occupy only by narrow streams rushing from the Mælar to the Baltic, and the three islands are so connected by bridges, broad and massive, that they seem to constitute but one. There is, however, a narrow water-course cutting the western island from the one we stand on, and the waters of the lake empty themselves through three rapid currents, which make the two other islands lying across the general outlet.

II. These three almost contiguous islands constitute the site of the oldest portion of one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It is on these that still stands the ancient capital of Sweden; but in modern times the city has grown so rapidly that it has crowded over from the three islands to other islands more distant, and to the main land on either side. The nearest of the neighboring islands is a mere rock in the lake, but large enough for a fort of sufficient size and strength to defend the capital from the west. A few rods beyond in the same general direction from our point of observation lies a much larger island, which is connected by a bridge to that part of the city built upon the main on the north; and this is the site of the royal mint, of many large industrial establishments, and of a considerable portion of the city. Turning in the opposite direction we behold two other islands, the one lying very near to the main on the north-east, the other lying close to this, both of which have been compelled to receive their proportions of the overflowing city. The first is reached by a splendid iron bridge, and is occupied by the naval buildings, including schools for the instruction of youth in this branch of science as applied to the national defense; and from this there is a floating bridge to the second, where stands the castel of the city as well as another

portion of the capital. Looking still beyond these two we behold another, and the largest of these many islands which is about three miles in circumference, where there is a shallow fringe of city buildings on the south-western margin; but the whole of this magnificent island may be said to be set apart to the recreation of the inhabitants of the more densely-populated portions of the capital.

III. It will be evident, then, that the capital of Sweden has some claim to the poetical *sobriquet* of "The City of the Seven Islands," and yet the best parts of the town at this day occupy the main land on the south and north. The southern suburb, which stretches along the banks of the lake and sea, is the locality of those citizens who are connected with the domestic and foreign trade, and the northern, while it boasts of the longest and most beautiful streets, and the greater part of the retail business of the city, is also the locality occupied by the wealthier citizens who have retired from business, and who have pushed their palatial residences far out into the adjoining country. It contains, too, the largest and most elegant of the public squares and parks as well as the leading hotels, and would be able of itself, without the help of the other portions, to maintain the dignities and title of a city.

IV. It can not be denied, however, that the three islands of the old town, and the town upon them, are the most interesting for all historical associations. The origin of this ancient city is itself singularly interesting. It was begun in those times of superstition when the most important enterprises were submitted to what was called "the judgment of God," but which the people of this generation would entitle *chance*. The principal of these three islands had been occupied from the earliest times as a military station, for as the reader will at once see it is the key of the central part of Sweden, into which the Mælar stretches out in three directions; it is the key also of the Baltic from every part of Sweden, as a fortress here commands the internal commerce of the country, and there would seem to be sufficient reasons for occupying it with strong fortifications, which in the process of time would naturally expand to the dimensions of a city.

But the legend of the place gives an additional occasion for beginning the capital of Sweden at this point. The story is, that old Birger Jarl, King of Sweden, in the year of our era 1260, selected the site by lot. Standing on the banks of the Mælar at Upsala, his former capital, he sent adrift upon the water a stick of timber with the royal mark upon it,

and his resolution was to commence the new capital wherever that piece of timber might chance to land. So sinuous are all the arms of this lake, and so numerous are the islands on its bosom—not less than three hundred and sixty-five in number—that it would seem to have been quite a risk to rest such a resolution on an issue apparently so doubtful; but the king may have been wiser than his generation. He may have outwitted the opposition of his courtiers, who had settled at the old capital, and who did not wish to be removed, by this appeal to a Providence, which he had before proved, it may be by the most careful observations, had decided the question in his favor.

However this may be, the timber was watched very narrowly in its course, but not meddled with, and the result was, that after a long and tortuous journey and many delays, during which the king and the nobles were not without their anxieties, the stick landed on the island at the mouth of the Mælar, from which we are taking these present observations. The city was not only located but named by this occurrence, for the word *Stockholm* is only the union of the two words, *stock*, which means *stick* in English, and *holm*, *island*, and needs only to be begun with a capital letter to transform it into the proper noun, *STOCKHOLM*, the name of the transcendently-beautiful chief commercial city and capital of Sweden.

V. We of America have some very unpoetical combinations of words for the names of our towns and cities, and our writers of taste have often suggested the propriety of supplying their places with other names more euphonious; but when we come to look carefully into the etymology of the names of European cities we find about an equal proportion of them of like humble origin. *Stickisland*, for example, as a name for the proud capital of a great country is certainly not poetical; but if Washington had been called *Logcity*, or *Puddlebay*, or *Frogparadise*, the title would not only have been somewhat descriptive of the early condition of that locality, but it would have sounded as well to foreigners as *Stockholm* does to us. When Cicero was advised by a friend to change his name on account of its strange accent and singular signification, he replied that he would stick to the name of his ancestors and make it respectable by his conduct. He made it not only respectable but immortal. So it may be said of this city of *Stickisland*. The kings and people of the land have adhered to the original cognomen, and its present beauty and splendor, to say nothing of

its more than brilliant history, have long since given it a place among the most interesting cities of the world.

The oldest portion of the town, built upon the three little islands before mentioned, was originally surrounded by a massive wall, which, in the days of bow-and-arrow warfare, and even after the invention of gunpowder, while the ordinance in use was yet light, was a complete protection to the indwelling population; but the space to be occupied was so small, and the anticipated rush of the people to it was so great, that the streets were made altogether too narrow to be comfortable or convenient. The most of them have the appearance of very long alleys, but the height and magnificence of the buildings, and the slightly-winding propensity of the streets, while shutting out the light of the sun from the lower stories of the houses, give these long lanes just that dubious sort of aspect to make them interesting to a curious stranger. They have furnished me objects of outdoor study and research during the six Winter months. In our American cities, especially those of recent origin, the streets are so direct that a single glance reaches from one end of them to the other, and they are also so similar that to see one of them is to see them all. It is not so in *Stockholm*. There are not two streets, particularly of the old town, alike, and on each you are constantly falling in with objects not seen before, and not to be found at any other point.

The shops are rather small, and, as in London, there is a great show of finery in the windows; but there is generally a room, and sometimes more than one, behind the front shop, where much of the stock in trade is kept. A man of taste will at once say, Why not knock down the dividing partition and let both rooms into one? That certainly would be the dictate of taste; but the citizens of *Stockholm* have something more imperative than appearances to consult. Their Winters are long and cold, and by dividing their stores they can the better manage to keep their customers and themselves warm.

The retail merchants here profess the difficult virtue of having but a single price. This is a good profession, and it may be well kept with foreigners, for I can scarcely imagine a set of traders likely to demand more for their goods than these have generally asked of us; but the citizens tell me that the natives will often buy at such prices as they may themselves think fit to give. There is one curious custom here in regard to these stores that I must not forget. The goods to be sold are, of course, either for

gentlemen, for ladies, or for children, and the stocks are divided off into stores for one or another of these classes with a good deal of system. This custom in trade has its effect upon the structure of the shops and their appearance along the streets; and I have suggested to some of them the idea of carrying this subdivision so far as to have the streets themselves regularly divided off among these respective classes of the population. But the traders tell me that this would greatly diminish their business. They inform me that the gentlemen and ladies of this old vandal capital enjoy the meeting of one another on the sidewalks, even if they separate on entering the shops, and they insist that if the ladies had a portion of the city appropriated to their use, the authorities would have to wall it in or the other portions would be abandoned to the moles and bats!

The reader can judge better than I can how that might be; but I have spoken of the sidewalks of Stockholm, and this leads me to say that the sidewalks are generally very narrow, and paved, like the rest of the street, with cobble-stones very closely and tightly packed. There are a few streets in the neighborhood of the royal palace paved with blocks of granite about eight inches square, and occasionally you will see the margin of the sidewalk ornamented with long slabs of cut stone, which furnish a great relief to a pair of tired ankles or of aching feet; but in general the paving of this capital is the worst feature in it. The strongest and most resolute persons soon get weary of these everlasting cobble-stones, and the consequence is, that carriages are more in use in Stockholm and more numerous than any city of its size I have yet seen in Europe.

VI. The three sister islands have their respective parts to play in the general arrangement of the ancient city. Stockholm contains the king's palace, the exchange, the post-office, the custom-house, the bank of Sweden, and the great church where the kings of the realm are crowned. The little island lying by its side toward the north known as Helgeandsholm is the site of the royal stables and of the great bridge that spans two of the three swift streams rushing from the Mælar to the Baltic, and beneath the bridge on the eastern side there is the most splendid *café* of the city, in front of which lies a park as beautifully situated and as finely arranged and kept as any such thing can be. The other island, called Ridareholm, to which you go by another broad and well-built bridge, is the locality of three of the four Houses of the National Diet, the House of Lords stand-

ing on the island of Stockholm between these and the royal palace. On the island of Ridareholm also stands the lofty church which has been consecrated as the sepulcher of the kings and queens of Sweden. This is the general arrangement of the old city; but, though built upon these three islands, the connections are so broad and massive, and the streams are so secluded by lofty structures of every description that a stranger scarcely realizes the subdivisions made by the running water. The same is true also of the northern and southern suburbs. You reach them by such wide and solidly-constructed thoroughfares that the fact of passing from the island to the main is not noticed. It is all one great, beautiful city, well deserving the appellation long since given it of the "Venice of the North."

VII. There is one feature of the city of Stockholm that surpasses every thing of its kind I have seen on either side of the Atlantic. It is the massive and solid structure of its quays. Next to the water in every part of the city there is left a wide margin of land for the free use of those engaged in foreign trade, and this margin, besides being generally paved with the durable and clean cobble work, is lined by a broad sidewalk of square granite blocks, and then built down into the water and upon the solid rocks below with splendid granite slabs, or timbers, winding along the shores of the island and the main according to their natural course. I have mentioned the same thing in respect to Gottenburg, but these granite quays of Stockholm, though perhaps no better than those of the smaller city, are so extensive as to strike every one with wonder. The outlets from the lake are built up from the foundation rocks precisely in the same manner, and they have the same strip of a border, though not so wide, as the quays along the sea and lake. Along these water-margins, also, there is a row of gas-lamps running with the sidewalks along the shores, which, by day, have the effect of winding colonnades of iron pillars, and by night surround the islands and mark out the direction of the mainland shores by a dazzling belt of light. In the darkest hour you can walk these brilliant borders of the islands and the main for miles, beholding every thing on land as under a strong lunar light, and the shadows of the ships and hills dancing on the tremulous waters of the lake and sea. If there is any promenade on earth superior to this of Stockholm, either by night or day, I can only say that I have yet to see it.

VIII. The one hundred and fifty steamers which ply regularly in Summer between this

port and the ports of every part of Northern Europe are proof abundant that Stockholm is a place of labor; and then the numerous and magnificent squares and parks spotting and surrounding it demonstrate that the inhabitants have also their hours and days of rest and pleasure. The truth is, indeed, that recreation is the only business of the higher classes of society, while the countless feast-days or religious holidays, transmitted to the whole population by Catholicism through the indulgent or careless hands of Luther, make these pleasure grounds a necessity both of their faith and education. The squares in the city, where stand the great votive monuments, are the play-grounds of the children of the capital, where they fit themselves for the more man-like but not more manly recreations of the remoter and larger scenes of pleasure; and these latter are said by experienced travelers to be as splendid as any thing of the sort to be found in Europe.

IX. Some of the parks surrounding Stockholm, I can say for myself, are vastly superior to any park there is in London. The London parks are comparatively small; and then there is something so artificial about them that they soon weary the interest of the observer. The soil is artificial; the little ponds called lakes are artificial; the paths, roads, arbors, groves, and fences are artificial; and then they are all on so small a scale that the whole landscape fails to make any grand impression. They have also that appearance of exhaustive cultivation which strikes an American, at least, with a feeling not very far from painful. Every object has its place; it can be no where else without marring the studied and overwrought effect. An accident to a stone, or a tree, or a copse must be at once remedied, or the whole population will see and feel it at a glance. The whole thing, like every other thing in England pretending to be under culture, is art carried to its most distressing point. There is not a particle of nature left.

In these, Swedish parks, on the contrary, nature is only relieved and brought out by art. The grounds are all so extensive that the native rocks, trees, forests, hills, vales, and streams are left as the Creator made and placed them. The splendid carriage-roads, of course, are the work of man, and they are as perfect as such roads can be. They are not straight, as if made for speedy transit, nor artificially curved, so as to show what art can do to finish up what nature has begun. They run rather with a thoughtless irregularity, now straight, then slightly bending, next winding around a rock

of huge dimensions, and again boldly up and over an interposing hill, and away off and onward into the deep, leafy woods, to which you can see no termination as you go, and at last down to the brink of some one of the many natural lakes where art has not dared to come. All is nature, with just that amount of cultivation necessary to make the ride easy to your carriage or the walk smooth and inviting to your feet. The foot-paths are charming to the very last degree. They are not paved, and graveled, and bordered with shrubs and flowers difficult to keep up, but they are those romping little foot-ways which may be seen in country neighborhoods, where the cross-lot visitings between the friendly families are so frequent that the grass never gets a chance to grow. These paths run in all directions, some parallel with the carriage tracks, others climbing up the steep rocks and hills, and still others winding away off into the fields and woods, crossing each other in every way, and going you know not, and care less, where.

The parks surrounding Stockholm are so extensive that a pedestrian needs a whole day to each, and the consequence is, that they are all abundantly supplied with restaurants of every description, where tea, coffee, and all other refreshments are to be had at a moment's notice. If the weather is very warm and you wish to drink your coffee in the open air, there is opportunity enough for this indulgence. Each restaurant has its little park within the greater one, sometimes before but generally behind the main edifice, where there are seats set under the trees, and tables spread for your accommodation. Or if you do not wish to be so formal as to enter any of these inclosures, you can easily supply all your wants as you pass along. On every hand you have only to signify your desire, and refreshments will be served to you wherever you may chance to be. Yonder, on the summit of an overhanging but flat-topped rock stands a little bower, where you can sit and eat, while you are at the same time looking off upon land and sea. There, within a green and leafy thicket, you can just spy through the thick foliage another of these outdoor *cafés*, and you can sit there in perfect seclusion from the noisy world. Sometimes, as you follow a foot-path to the margin of the bay, you will suddenly come upon another of these establishments facing the soft breeze, and seeming to hang, like the nest of a sea-bird, from the projecting rocks. You can not go amiss of these little lodges, nor can you help wanting to refresh yourself almost as often as you see them, they are so inviting; and I have

many a time felt like buying out one of the best of them and turning hermit for the Summer months, so delightful would it be to dwell here in the midst of these rural walks and leafy shades. The wealthy men of Stockholm, indeed, do make their Summer residences in these elegant retreats. Princes and noblemen have here their country seats. The king himself, in fact, has a palace in one of these splendid parks, but he has so many others in every part of Sweden that I think he seldom resides while in the capital outside of the greater palace within the limits of the city.

X. Not only these cultivated parks which almost surround the city, but the whole adjacent country for miles in every direction furnish an easily-accessible theater for popular recreation. The country, in fact, might be said to be a continual park, and it is so beautiful, so smooth, so leafy, and so finely cultivated that I have often been puzzled to distinguish between what professed to be a park and what nature and enlightened cultivation had made about as charming as any landscape can be. If you reside in the city, even at its center, by walking ten or twelve minutes briskly, you can reach the country, where you can ramble through fields and forests with scarcely a fence to retard your progress, as green and shady as you ever saw. The grass is the beautiful bluegrass of the Western and Southern States; the trees are oaks, beeches, birches, and pines of every sort; the pines prevail, however, over all the other trees, and as you walk among them or lie down beneath their shade, they constantly whisper to you with that

"Soft and soul-like voice"

which sets you to reflecting on the joys and sorrows of other days. So far as I know there is no city in the world where so beautiful a country lies so near to a great and crowded metropolis, and I have often shunned the parks, splendid as they are, to find greater quiet among the worn rocks, and woody hills, and shaven fields of the country which so far surpass any thing of the kind I have seen on earth, and to whose inner edge I can easily walk in six minutes from the locality where I have taken up my abode.

XI. If such, however, is the general arrangement and external aspect of this ancient metropolis with its attractive environs, it can be safely added that there are as many interesting places for a stranger to look into as will be found in the most noted of the smaller of these European capitals. On the beautiful island, for example, from which we have taken

the foregoing observations, stands the great palace of the Swedish kings which is generally acknowledged to have but one equal in any capital in Europe. The town residence of the illustrious Victoria is no more to be compared with it than any ordinary country-seat in England can be compared with that, and Versailles is the only royal edifice that holds a higher place among the *basilica* of the modern world. It is a quadrangular building, five stories high, with a massive granite foundation, and from this built up in the peculiar style of the country, of brick covered with hard stucco. It fronts in four directions, the eastern being the principal front, however, though the western is more elaborate in its decorations. Standing on the northern brink of the highest elevation of the island, the entrance on this side is by two inclined planes, which bring you to a lofty terrace, from which a splendid view is had of the lake, the sea, and the northern suburb of Stockholm. The south front opens directly upon a great square, which is renowned in the history of the nation, while the west is almost secluded from observation by blocks of lofty buildings, which can be overlooked only from the higher stories of the palace. The eastern and western fronts are extended from their corners by long additions two stories lower than the main edifice, and the walls which cross from the ends and inclose the spaces included by these projections defend the eastern and western private areas from the intrusion of the general public. The western area thus included is filled with the buildings occupied by the king's body-guard and other public servants, while the eastern is a garden watched by two soldiers always on patrol. The entire edifice is about five hundred English feet square, and the space inclosed consists, consequently, of about two hundred and fifty thousand square feet. That is, the King of Sweden has a house to live in covering nearly three English acres, and it would seem that almost any man with a wife and child might manage within this area to find room enough to make him comfortable.

But it must be added that the present monarch does not pretend to occupy the whole of this vast pile. It is only one story, or flat, of one of the four low extensions that he actually occupies as his private residence, while the remainder of the extensions and the whole of the main edifice is surrendered by him to other purposes; and it must be noticed, also, that about one-third of the space inclosed, including the garden on the east and the square court within the four sides of the lofty palace, is not covered by the buildings.

THE DESIRE TO KNOW DIVINE MYSTERIES.

BY REV. J. H. SWOPE.

IT has been said, "To know is the study of life," and it might be added, to know is the great desire of life. The minds of men are ever seeking to make new discoveries, and to enlarge the range of their knowledge. To do this has been the great desire of all civilized and, indeed, of many heathen nations. To accomplish this end the most severe labor has been performed, the most intense sufferings endured, and the most formidable difficulties overcome. Happiness has been foregone, health has been wasted, and life has been sacrificed that man might know. So long as men confine themselves within proper bounds, and are governed by sobriety and moderation, to desire and seek after knowledge is commendable. For our all-wise Creator certainly intended that his creatures should give exercise to the intellects with which he at their creation endowed them. He never intended that man should be required to give exercise to his physical strength while his mental powers should lie dormant, but that both should have continual employ. But as the physical strength of man should be exerted in the performance of such things as it is possible for him to accomplish, and in the accomplishment of which the interests of himself or others will be advanced and the glory of God promoted, so should his mental faculties be employed that some good end may be accomplished. So long as men confine themselves within these limits, they may pursue their investigations with profit to themselves and with the approbation of God. But, unfortunately for them, they frequently go beyond these bounds and become involved in trouble. They become anxious to understand the mysterious movements of God in governing the world. They strive to lay hold upon subjects which were reserved by God unto himself, with which he never intended that man in his state of trial should perplex his mind. And here they find the great fountain from whence the doubts which lead them astray and render them miserable and unhappy in life flow forth. Duties are neglected because they can not know why they are imposed, and thus a species of infidelity is introduced into the heart and practiced in the life which threatens the overthrow of all genuine religion.

The movements of God in connection with the government of men we can not always understand, and doubtless it is best for us that we can not. The dispensations of his providence

sometimes seem severe and afflictive to his creatures, but when he assures us that he will cause "all things to work together for good" for his chosen people, is not this amply sufficient to drive away all doubts and fears? He has created us, and reads this moment all our wants. He sees the secret movement of every thing connected with soul, body, or spirit, and knows precisely what correction to make in order to enhance our happiness or save us from misery. Recognizing such knowledge in a kind and beneficent being, who ever wills our good, it becomes us to bow in humble submission under the most afflictive dispensation he may make.

The present is a state of trial, a school of instruction, in which we are undergoing a course of preparation for a higher and nobler sphere. It is intended to be subservient to the great end of elevating us hereafter. Sometimes God corrects and instructs us in ways we do not desire, which are altogether repugnant to our wishes at the time, but this is made the means of saving us from a greater affliction in the future; it is made the stepping-stone to higher happiness. The man of God allows his child to have a higher seat in his affections than his Maker, and the Lord takes the child to himself, thereby saving it from the snares to which the parent would unintentionally have exposed it, and reproves the parent for his folly, and directs his affections to heaven. He sets his heart upon his riches or some other earthly object so closely as to exclude God or interfere with his service, and these are removed and his faithlessness reproved. In thousands of such ways is God building up his people in preparing them for heaven. In his Word he points us directly to the duties he requires us to perform, but when the gentler means prove insufficient, he frequently resorts to the harsher, and by reproofs we can not but feel, points us to the true way and bids us walk therein.

It should, therefore, be the great concern of men to ascertain what God requires of them, and when persuaded as to what their duty is, they should cheerfully go forth in its discharge, not consulting with feelings or opinions, but making all yield to the demands of God. They should make duty their sole concern, and leave those things which lie beyond their control, and which do not affect their interest, with Him to whom they belong. There is much meaning in the maxim of Cecil, "Duties are ours, events are God's." If we will take care of our appropriate duties God will take care of us in what is to follow. If all is done, which

we may easily satisfy ourselves is required of us, we will doubtless find enough to occupy our time without reaching after those things which lie beyond our grasp. Say the Scriptures, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but the things which are revealed belong unto us." Those which we can not comprehend, and which would not benefit us if we could, the Lord has claimed to himself, while those which we may understand and affect our welfare are made imperative. And, though every thing has been revealed that men can be benefited in knowing, there is a disposition manifest on the part of many to neglect plain and simple duties, and ask for the reason of God's acting in a way which is to them incomprehensible. They become curious to know why he acts in this or that mysterious way, though the line of duty has been so plainly laid down that a fool need not err therein. Yet because they can not know all they wish of him by whom the duty has been imposed, they refuse to do what they know to be demanded of them.

Now, we are not to refuse to do any thing because we can not *know* every thing. We are not to cast away the Bible and the light we have and plunge into darkness because this light does not illumine our whole future road so as to discover to us a reason for every difficulty we will have to meet. But we have light enough to make the step God requires. When this is made we will have light for the second, and then for the third, and through life our light will be sufficient. We are required to live a moment at a time and to care for the things of the morrow only so far as the duties of the day shall lead us to care for them. The little glow-worm would ever be in the same position if it should refuse to move because it has only light enough for one step. And men on earth can never reach heaven except by using the light they have. They are to go till they can go no further before they can be excused. Present duties are to be their sole concern. They are to go forth in the discharge of these, in the face of all opposition and uninfluenced by any circumstances that may surround them. If they know not all concerning the Divine government, they know the part they are called upon to act, and that is sufficient.

We should submit to the will of God, 1. Because he has assured us that he will work all things for the good of the faithful. It should be a cheering thought to the Christian to reflect that every providential dispensation, though ever so dark and afflictive, is working for his good. 2. Because our knowledge is ex-

ceeding limited. We are far inferior in knowledge to other classes of creatures. We know but little about ourselves or the affairs of the world in which we live. We can not explain how our muscles obey our volitions so that we may put forth our hands at pleasure. We know from experience that we can do it, but can not tell how.

Nature, too, has concealed from us the manner of her workings to a very great extent, and we know but little about her. We are somewhat acquainted with the results of the workings of the laws by which she is governed, but we can not tell how these laws work and these results are brought about. We know that if we sow a certain kind of seed we may expect to reap, and that the seed we sow will produce the same in kind. But we can't know how the elements are so blended together as to become a blade, a stalk, an ear. This is all mystery to us. And Nature through her entire domain has concealed the manner of her workings from us. She furnishes us with her productions, but tells us not how she has produced. This she keeps behind the veil, and we are compelled to trust to Him who governs Nature for the faithful operation of her laws in producing those things which are indispensable to our life and happiness on earth. And we find that these, though involved in deepest mystery, always work well. There is no jarring or confusion; the seasons come at their appointed times, the sun makes his daily visits, and harmony reigns from year to year.

Now, if we can trust God in the government of nature in things we can not understand, can we not trust him in the *moral* government of the world in things we can not understand? If he is able to control the one he is able to control the other also. If he can guide the one forth successfully, he can lead the other forth in like manner.

That there should be things that we can not comprehend is but necessary to the existence of beings inferior to God. God is infinite, we are finite. So long as we remain finite there must be things beyond the grasp of our minds. If we were advanced beyond what it is possible for mortals to attain in our present state, if all the present perplexing problems were solved, if the mysteries were unveiled, our increased knowledge would reveal to us other difficulties of a more formidable character. It would only enable us to see more of the incomprehensible, hence more of mysteries calculated to perplex our minds. We would have to advance onward, and still onward, till we would become almost equal with God before all secrets would be

revealed to us. Our eyes would have to survey every object that floats in space, and our knowledge reach to the very essence of all things. Till we would be almost as great as God is great, there would be difficulties to perplex our minds and mazes through which our thoughts could not travel. And we know not but that it may be the eternal employ of the redeemed in heaven to learn more and continually more of the incomprehensible God. As our knowledge will be greatly increased in heaven, it may be that as our souls continue to develop themselves they will continue to study deeper into the eternal and inexhaustible source of happiness. Something new may be ever unfolding itself to our view which will thrill our redeemed spirits with new and unutterable joy. Thus it may be, we will ever be learning more of the Eternal, while the immense fountain from whence our bliss is drawn remains the same and unfathomable. We may be eternally rising in the scale of knowledge, and, as we reach each new degree, be filled with still greater measures of bliss, while God continues infinite and incomprehensible. Here we will seek to learn of him, not merely to satisfy a vain and idle curiosity, but in obedience to the will of God himself, because it will be our work. God being incomprehensible, we must expect to find something in his movements here which we can not understand. Let us submit cheerfully to his decisions, and it may be that his incomprehensibility will be the richest ingredient in our bliss hereafter. "Now we see through a glass darkly, then face to face." "Now we know in part, then we shall know, even as we also are known."

A MOTHER'S OFFERING.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

Go, my son, God's blessing
Rest on thy young life!
Go from home's caressing
To the battle's strife;
Go from hearts that love thee
To the din of war,
And may One above thee
Be thy guiding star!

None but He that knoweth
Half a mother's heart;
None but He that showeth
Death to aim his dart.
And into His keeping
I commit my son;
Waking or a-sleeping,
May his will be done!

In my heart is gushing
All the love of years;
To my soul are rushing
Many, many fears.
Yet my country's altar
Claims each noble son,
And I will not falter—
Take my precious one.

Take, though ye may never
Know the pride and joy
Which, perhaps, forever
Leaves me with my boy;
Take him, though all lonely,
Desolate, forlorn,
I shall feel it only—
Take my eldest born.

And the mother-spirit,
Noble in its pride,
Will—O, never fear it—
Quell the rising tide;
And the voice that quivered
As it bade him go,
Will not quite be shivered
In its deepest woe.

And if, crowned with honor,
He returns to me—
If Fate, smiling on her,
Makes our land all free—
All my nights of sorrow,
All my days of pain,
Will but gild the morrow—
Sunshine after rain.

CLOUDS AND CROSSES.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

O, now they gather round my path!
Vainly I've tried, and tried,
With throbbing heart and trembling hand,
To put them all aside;

To let heaven's blessed sunlight fall
In sweet baptismal rays
Upon the flowers which, shiv'ring, stand
Beside life's chilly ways.

But when some brightness seems about
To glorify my pain,
A breath of adverse wind springs up
And drives them back again.

O, has my faith in God grown weak,
My courage suffered loss,
That I should halt and stumble like
A child beneath my cross?

Father, if clouds and crosses here
Must be life's aggregate,
O, give me daily strength to bear
And patient faith to wait!

THANKSGIVING-DAY AT MOUNT VERNON.

BY GEORGE C. ROUND.

IN company with half a dozen tent-mates I had recently the privilege of visiting the sacred shades of Mount Vernon, and, thinking it might, not be uninteresting to your readers to learn how this historic place survives the shock of war under which the Old Dominion has been trembling for the past two years and a half, I will, if you are willing, give a brief account of my pilgrimage. I do this, I know, at the risk of inflicting on your readers what was well known to them before; but I know, also, that the *ladies* of the Union have a peculiar interest in Mount Vernon, and that among your readers are many who have contributed liberally toward placing it in the hands of the "Mount Vernon Association." Moreover, a number of things came under my observations which were entirely new to me, and perhaps they may be so to others.

I know not what sort of a day you had in the great North-West for Thanksgiving, but in old Virginia it was splendid—sun, earth, and air being the very best we could have wished them. At nine in the morning we started out on our tramp. We found a little *finessing* requisite in order to pass the pickets, but a few flank movements secured a favorable result, bringing us into a thinly-settled section of country, which gave ample evidence of the deplorable civil war now ravaging our land. The country looked as if it might be infested by guerrillas, although the inhabitants assured us that the contrary was the fact.

Three miles from the mansion itself we enter on the Washington estate, originally including twenty-seven hundred acres. Part of this land was set off by Washington's will to be the home of his freedmen, whose descendants occupy it to this day. Two miles below we turn off upon the Mount Vernon estate proper, which includes two hundred acres about the mansion. Here every thing assumes a different aspect. The fences are in good condition; you see no more deserted camps or picket-huts built of brush by the side of the road, and the fields bear a peaceful and neat appearance. As we approach the grounds adjacent to the buildings with that reverence which every American must necessarily feel, every thing seems so appropriate, so near what we should think it ought to be, that we begin to imagine ourselves back in the early days of the Republic. Suddenly we look up and read, "An admittance fee of twenty-five cents is required of *all persons*

visiting these grounds. By order of the Association." Now, I saw a similar notice at Bunker Hill, and I saw a man selling books and pictures in Independence Hall, and I do not recollect that I was particularly shocked. Yet when I read this notice I must confess it seemed to me out of place. Just to think of it, that here, amid these quiet shades, where, if ever one might suppose that he could for a moment lose sight of the grosser side of human life—that right here, on the very threshold of Mount Vernon, it should stare him in the face! But here, as usual, perhaps a little reflection will serve to decrease our indignation. We must remember that but a few years ago Mount Vernon was the property of one of those Southern chivalry, whose principal honor was his *name*, and who has since expiated the crime of treason on a battle-field of West Virginia; that the ladies of the nation, in order to cancel his claim, were obliged to pay him two hundred thousand dollars, which is certainly eight times what the place is worth, aside from its associations; and, finally, that the war, having materially interfered with their plans, the present method is found necessary to keep the place in proper repair. So, my readers, instead of emptying out our vials of wrath upon the heads of the ladies, who have done all they could, perhaps we had better reserve a little of our indignation for those of us who have done nothing. It is to be earnestly hoped, however, that ere long a pilgrim at our American Mecca may wander among its venerable associations, indulging his patriotic fancy that the father of his country still moves around his ancient home, and see nothing to disturb his dream except his honored tomb.

As we approach the house the keeper comes out to meet us and kindly proceeds to point out whatever is of special interest. The mansion, he tells us, was built one hundred and twenty years ago by Lawrence, an elder brother of George Washington, who named it after Admiral Vernon, of the English navy, under whom he held a captain's commission in the campaign against Carthage. It is a long, low building, made of North Carolina pine to represent white sandstone, having a cupola on top and a portico running along the whole front. Having taken a view of the outside we will now enter the hall, which runs through the center of the mansion. As we enter, the door with its massive and antique knocker, lock, and hinges attracts our especial attention, and induces in us the suspicion that durability is one of the chief characteristics of the architecture of the last century. In the center of

the hall stands a table, on which lies a book, where all contributors to the Association have the privilege of recording their names. In a case above the table we see an interesting relic of the last century—the key of the Bastille—presented to Washington by Lafayette after that proud abomination fell so suddenly before the wrath of the French people. We are now shown through the historic rooms of the building, the east and west parlors, and the dining-room. The latter was built across the north end of the mansion by General Washington after he came in possession, and can be taken as a fair representative of his architectural taste. The representations are all agricultural, and are very appropriate and interesting. Modern architects might study them with profit. In this room we see Washington's saddle-bags and holsters, the tripod on which he placed his surveying-compass, an old harpsichord, an heirloom of the family, and various other interesting relics. Lastly, we pass up stairs and are shown the chamber where Washington slept and where he died.

Having seen every thing of interest within, our guide next leads us to the rear of the mansion, where a beautiful lawn opens out before us, about the width of the building and about three hundred yards long. Close to the house are four buildings, two on each side of the lawn, which were used for a kitchen, and for the butler, gardener, and servants respectively. On either side of the lawn is a course for carriages, over which trees of all species and varieties interlock their branches. Among them is a magnolia-tree of remarkable size, being, I should judge, one foot and a half through at the butt and thirty-five feet high. The seed from which this tree was raised was planted by Washington's own hand. Thinking, perhaps, that you or some of your friends, Mr. Editor, might possess a desire for relics—a common weakness of humanity—I inclose a leaf from this tree and also a sprig of box from the flower garden. On the left of the lawn is the vegetable garden, and on the right the flower garden. The walks, which are fringed by a luxurious growth of box, the flowers, many of which even at this late date are in bloom, the shrubs and the trees, all are as they came from the hand of Washington. Besides the rest of its attractions, Mount Vernon is a study for the naturalist.

As we pass out into the lawn once more our guide leaves us. A few steps below the mansion we come to the old tomb where the remains of Washington were first placed, and where Lafayette visited them in 1824. In 1837

they were removed to the new tomb, which is a short distance to the west, and there they still repose. The tomb is of brick, built against a side hill, and is surrounded by family monuments and a growth of evergreen-trees without order, but according to nature's plan, and, therefore, beautiful. On a slab set into the front of the vault near the top we read:

Within this inclosure
Rest
the Remains of
GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A light iron railing fills the entrance to the tomb, through which we see two marble sarcophagi. On the left one we read, "MARTHA, wife of WASHINGTON." On the one to the right is sculptured a shield resting on an American flag, and above this an American eagle. Below this is the simple inscription, "WASHINGTON." On a marble slab set in the back wall of the vault we read, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." John xi, 25, 26.

Last Spring, when on a visit to Mount Vernon, I noticed a swallow's nest just below this slab, and on the nest the bird was sitting as quietly and apparently as little apprehensive of danger from the strangers, who were hourly looking in upon her, as though she were in the depths of the forest. The nest is still there, but the bird and her brood have flown.

Amid these surroundings of nature, with all absence of display, resting among his kindred, what more appropriate resting-place for our Washington! Could the most magnificent temple of art be grander than this temple of nature? Could a loftier monument than that under which Napoleon sleeps be more imposing? Or could the mightiest mausoleum render the memory of him, who is first in the hearts of his countrymen, more lasting or loved?

There was one thing, however, so contrary to this appropriateness that it seemed absolutely shocking. Had it been any where else I should have called it simply ridiculous. On the foot of Washington's sarcophagus, in letters as readable as any in the vault, is inscribed the following: "By the permission of Lawrence Lewis, the surviving executor of George Washington, this SARCOPHAGUS was presented by John Struthers, of Philadelphia, Marble Mason, A. D. 1837." The first time I saw this I remarked to a friend that if Mr. Struthers had finished his advertisement with the usual

"orders respectfully solicited," it could scarcely have been worse. The most charitable opinion I can form of John Struthers and Lawrence Lewis is, that their taste was most wretched. Perhaps my first impression was the nearer correct, that the men who, for filthy lucre, had chosen thus to insult the fervent patriotism of the American nation and the world's memory of one of her greatest names were guilty of sacrilege.

As I stood by that venerated shrine I called to mind a newspaper paragraph which I had noticed a few weeks before. The statement simply was that Secretary Seward, Lord Lyons, and Admiral Milne and suite had been on a visit to Mount Vernon, and as I remembered this I felt ashamed that the eyes of foreigners should have ever rested on such a disgrace to the American nation. It seemed to me that they would say, "Have we not always said that the Americans cared for nothing but the almighty dollar? And as an instance here you see that for *twenty-six years* they have allowed an advertisement to be posted on the tomb of their greatest hero—a man whom any nation would have delighted to honor." And what makes the matter worse is, that we could plead nothing to the charge except—"guilty."

It seems bad enough in our common burial-places that the name of a marble-cutter should be thrust out prominently before the gaze of the mourner, but that an attempt should be made to coin a few dollars and cents out of the veneration which we feel for our great warrior sage is worthy of the strongest reprobation of our nation. It is to be earnestly hoped that the means of the "Mount Vernon Association" may be so increased as to enable them to remove from the eyes of patriot pilgrims this insulting outrage.

The place is now in the charge of a lady from New York, the President of the Association, having been absent in South Carolina during the war. At the commencement of the rebellion, while within their lines, they received numerous visits from the rebels, or, to use the words of the keeper, *the other party*. It is a thing deeply to be regretted, and from my information I can not doubt the truth, that in the absence of visitors not a loyal foot now treads the mansion.

With the appearance and general management of the place I was more than satisfied. No attempt is made to *adorn*, the Association rightly considering that to *preserve* would be the greatest adorning.

The scenery from the front of the mansion is fine. Through the leafless trees of Autumn

we see a hundred feet below us the Potomac, nearly a mile in width, and with our eyes follow it for many a mile as it winds its way to the ocean. Nearly three miles above, frowning down upon us, stand the gray ramparts of Fort Washington. It is a stone work built since the war of 1812, and is now heavily armed and manned, standing a grim sentinel over this great avenue to the capital. As we gaze upon this scenery it strikes us as not being entirely unfamiliar. We call to mind that bright April morning when we passed down that stream bound for Richmond by way of the Peninsula; how, as we passed under the guns of the fort, the band from the parapet discoursed to us the thrilling strains of the Star-Spangled Banner, and how we answered them with cheers for the flag, our army, and its commander; how a little further down the machinery of the boat suddenly stopped and our flag lowered, and with our band on the upper deck playing a dirge, we floated silently by Mount Vernon. We remember, also, that one sultry afternoon in August we passed up the river on our return, not to the sound of music, jaded, sullen, and defeated, *but not conquered*. How many came not back! Let the hard-fought fields and pestilential swamps from Yorktown to the Chickahominy attest.

But we must linger no longer amid these hallowed associations. We must exchange the strange quiet of Mount Vernon for the noise and tumult of camp and conflict. The Government that Washington founded must be sustained. Nor do we lack hope that it *will* be. The character of Washington, so complete in all its parts that the whole world loves it, while the nation worships, still holds a magic influence over the rebels. His estate and tomb have remained safe and undisturbed through this terrible clash of arms within hearing of four of the fiercest contests of the war.

Having replenished our commissariat by a raid on the larder of a neighboring loyal Virginian, we commenced our homeward march. It will seldom be the privilege of historians to record a march more rapid and orderly. We soon came up against an obstruction known in Mr. Stanton's office as "the defense of Washington, so of the Potomac." It is a line of fortifications which 100,000 rebels for the past two years and a half have been trying to carry or flank, and they have not been able. How, then, could a little band like ours hope to succeed? Here was seen the advantage of military training. There is, I suppose, no doubt but if we had made a direct assault we should have been worsted. But O, how great

a thing is strategy! By a few maneuvers we outflanked the Dutchman at Fort Lyon as Yankees only know how, and without the least resistance to us they lowered their flag. I would particularize, but the "exigencies of the service will not permit." Civilians, you know, can not understand military matters, and according to high authority it is not desirable that they should. Lyon being thus easily disposed of, we marched straight upon Ellsworth, which likewise hauled down her flag at our approach without firing a gun. If some impertinent civilian should here ask if it is not the custom to lower the colors about sundown, I should only smile at his simplicity. Should he then suggest that it is not an uncommon thing for a person to laugh at an argument he can not refute, I should probably be exceedingly wroth, and repeat a remark made by a certain officer of the Army of the Potomac, "Till you have been in the service *fifteen* years you have no right to an *opinion*." And if he should insinuate, as was insinuated to the officer above-named, that *I*, then, had no right to an opinion, I might imitate the same gentleman and violate the articles of war by using some very bad language. But as the supposed civilian has not made the supposed remarks and insinuations, I will refrain from making the supposed retorts, knowing well that I have something fearful in store for all maliciously-disposed persons.

The remainder of our campaign is quickly told. Having broken through the line we thought it not worth our while to trouble ourselves about Forts Williams, Worth, Ward, Reynolds, and Bernard, but marched straight upon Convalescent Camp, where we arrived about the time when day and night seemed struggling for the mastery, and when to a perfect stranger it would have seemed somewhat doubtful to which side the victory was to preponderate. The convalescents, although thousands in number, made not the least resistance to our endeavors, whether from a sense of fear or otherwise I am not able positively to assert. About the time that it seemed pretty well decided that night was going to win an overwhelming victory over his opponent, we charged over the parapet in the rear of Fort Berry, and surprised the garrison at their Thanksgiving supper, which we visited with a fate that will make terrible a page in the annals of some future historian. Whether the relative *which* in the above sentence relates to the fort, garrison, or supper, your readers can judge for themselves.

Thus, in less than ten hours, and after a

march of twenty-four miles, we ended one of the most brilliant campaigns on the records of civilized warfare. Strange to say, the papers have not yet got the news. I have no doubt in my own mind that it is because the Washington Government is fearful of the results should the news be promulgated. And as the papers can not publish the news, how is it to be set before the world except through the monthlies? And what one of the monthlies would be more appropriate than the queen of them all? But if the newspapers are silent through fear, and you refuse to publish it for a still more cogent reason, and even if history itself should refuse to do us justice, I am sure that there are half a dozen of the First Connecticut Artillery who will not soon forget how they spent their third Thanksgiving-day in the army.

NEW-YEAR'S CALLS.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHTY.

"THE boy seems much in earnest to go, Martha," said Mr. Graham, thoughtfully, as he gazed into the depths of the glowing coal in the polished grate. The mother's placid brow grew deeply lined and troubled at the words.

"Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away!" was the bitter cry of her burdened heart. "No, William, I never can give my consent to this sacrifice. I have laid my two eldest born on the altar of their country, but I can not feel that God calls on me to offer up my Isaac on the same blood-stained field."

It required but little persuasion for the father's heart to arrive at the same conclusion: so it was at length decided that Willis Graham should go back to old Harvard again instead of shouldering his musket, as his youthful patriotism made him so earnestly desire. So, changing the bit a little, the young student went back to his books, and the same old round of study and recitation went on again, as if no storm of war was raging without. And stormy nights the mother's heart grew almost glad to think of him as

"All well and safely shielded
From winds that blow and storms that beat,
To which the stoutest hearts have yielded."

The perils of the camp she dreaded as much for her impulsive-spirited boy as she did the dangers of the field. But, alas! she forgot

that the "trail of the serpent" is every-where, that tempters abound on every side.

"Nor is it strange that the heart of youth
Should waver and comprehend but slowly
The things that are holy and unholy."

And in what shape, think you, did the tempter come to this fair-haired, cherished Benjamin? A shape he often assumes now with most deadly effect. He cast himself into the sparkling wine-glass and incited a so-called friend to raise it to the young man's lips.

"Here is something to drive dull care away," said his friend as he set out a glass and bottle on the study-table, where Willis was sitting, moody and disturbed over some little vexation of student-life. "Come, Graham, it will brighten your wits and raise your spirits, and do you good generally," and he poured out a generous glass "in consideration of his friend's distressed condition."

In his reckless mood it required little persuasion to overcome the scruples which arose from his early training, and the young man took the fatal "first glass," which has proved worse than a rifle-shot or a cannon-ball to thousands and tens of thousands of our precious youths.

If the evening's indulgence was followed by a heavy, aching head and a greater depression of spirits than he had ever known before, his philosophic friend assured him that he "would soon get used to it, and would feel no bad effects; it was only the uninitiated that got the headache."

O, how easy it is to take up an evil habit. But it is not like a robe which may be put on and cast off at pleasure. It is like suffering heavy chains to be welded upon our limbs, which only the mightiest effort and the help of a more than human hand will ever enable us to break.

Very temperately intemperate was the young man in these days of his "initiation," and he flattered himself that he was in no possible danger. But one night at a convivial gathering in one of the rooms, where his brilliant wit had added a charm which all acknowledged, he quite exceeded even what his friend and counselor thought prudent. That night a few sympathizing, smiling friends carried the boy very quietly to his own room and laid him on his bed with a few significant nods and jokes, and then left him to the heavy slumber that follows intoxication.

O, the wretched morning that followed that gay evening! The remorse and shame was equal to the deathly illness. Then he thought of home and mother, and, covering his face

with the bed-clothes, he sobbed and wept like a child. Never, never would he touch a drop of the hateful poison again.

After a time his evil genius sought his bedside, and in a gay, light tone proceeded to cheer him.

"Strange that 'on night so sweet such awful morn should rise,' is n't it, Graham? But, come, rouse up and dash plenty of cold water over your head, and you can't think how it will refresh you. Here is a drop of brandy to steady up your nerves a little, and you will soon get your feet again."

"No, I thank you," said Willis, scornfully pushing aside the proffered liquor. "You don't catch me tasting that again. I do n't care to make a brute and fool of myself twice."

As the days wore on he seemed indeed to be resolutely in earnest to break off the chain while as yet it was only silken. He could stand the bantering of his companions and resist their temptations. Surely he will be able to hold on his way, and may yet be saved. A taste had been kindled which would ever be a snare and disquiet to him, but by constant struggle he might become master of it.

The holidays were coming round, and Willis rejoiced with a boy's eagerness in the thought of spending them under the home-roof, where all his dear ones were gathered. What a delight it was to gather and arrange the little rose-wood box of shells and minerals for sister Emily, whose taste for science would make such a gift the most acceptable of any he could devise! Nor were the two little sisters and their Christmas-tree forgotten by the student-brother.

It was a happy Christmas time for the children, though father and mother buried many a burdened sigh deep in their own bosoms for the noble sons who used to share that festival day. Ah, how the circles which used to gather around these happy anniversary boards in thousands of homes have narrowed and narrowed down since this war pestilence began! The circle closes up just as the broken ranks did before the leaden hail on that fatal day when your brave boys fell. They shall answer no more to the bugle's call, nor any sound save the Archangel's trumpet. And there are scores and hundreds of wives and mothers who stand in spirit by "the hungry, crawling foam," waiting for the sea to give up its dead. Ah, watcher, not till that same solemn sound wakes all its coral caverns shall you gaze again upon that shining hair and manly form. The land is full of mourners, but ah, there are wounds

deeper than those which ball or sword-thrust makes—wounds that are never healed by any magic of the physician's art.

The New-Year's morning dawned gray and unpleasant, but the muddy streets were early thronged by gay and laughing groups of young men, who were hastening on to make their accustomed circuit of New-Year's calls.

A fashionable friend, some years his senior, called to take Willis with him in his rounds, promising him many introductions to fair circles with which he was yet unacquainted. Again and again was the hospitable wine declined in the course of their morning calls, till his friend felt called upon to remonstrate with him on such singularity of conduct.

"Now, here we are coming to Miss Stanhope's, Will, and I hope you will not be so rude as to refuse to take a glass of wine with her. She belongs to one of the most aristocratic families in town, and it will be worth an effort to make a good impression there. The wider the circle of such acquaintances a young man has the better his chances of success in life," said the experienced man of the world.

How different from his standard of success is the true standard which God's Word lays down! He would scarcely have said of the poor wayfarer from the wilderness, with his robe of skins and leathern girdle, "Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

Together the young men entered the lofty apartment filled up with princely splendor, and received, as hundreds had before them, the polished greetings of the brilliant woman who presided there. The youth was dazzled by the glittering show, and when he beheld a ruby glass poured out for him by those fair, jeweled fingers he felt his resolution more sadly shaken than it had ever been before.

"Mr. Graham has joined a teetotal society of late, I judge," said the older companion. "I think, Miss Stanhope, if any thing could induce him to give up such an absurdity it would be such a temptation as that," and he bowed his head toward the fairy-like cup in her fingers.

"No doubt he finds many fanatics on the subject at College," said the lady, "and no wonder a young man is influenced. But certainly they should give you your freedom on New-Year's day," she added with a bright smile. "I should feel it a charity to induce you to take this tiny glass full before you go out into the cold air again. Indeed, I should feel quite flattered if I thought I had sufficient

influence to do so." And with a fascinating air she raised the dainty cup to her lips, then proffered it with a grace and witchery befitting a better cause.

"Who could be so ungallant as to refuse a glass which a lady has kissed?" Surely not the inexperienced and dazzled Willis, who gracefully took the cup and sipped its very last drop.

How strange the zeal with which natures that have become corrupted by an evil habit or principle will strive to spread the fearful disease! How earnestly they will seek to lead others in the same road, even when there can be no possible gain to themselves! Strange that even lovely woman must turn tempter.

"She wove the winding-sheet of souls and laid
Them in the urn of everlasting death."

When she sees that youth her influence prevailed on to take the fatal glass lie in the gutter before her door, a loathsome drunkard, think you she will recognize her own handiwork?

When "Captain Resistance" was slain, the entrance into the "town of Mansoul" was very easy. So when Willis had taken one glass, a second was very sure to follow. The day wore on, and the streets became more boisterous than ever. Groups of half-tipsy young men, clad in the richest apparel, reeled away from elegant mansions, hanging together as best they could to keep from falling on the slippery paving-stones. And sadder yet, in more than one sumptuous parlor, the ladies' eyes had borrowed an unnatural brightness from the sparkling cup which had been so often sipped that day, and many a silly, maudlin word passed from rosy lips which it would dye the cheeks with shame to remember. One can not "take fire into his bosom and not be burned." Neither can one pour liquid fire into the brain without burning up all its finer perceptions. But the saddest sight of all was to see the carefully-attired child of some fond, vain mother making his little round of calls and receiving from the hands of older tempters the same deadly draughts till the young brain was in a whirl and the little feet tottered on the velvet carpets. The light laugh which came from the lips of the tempters as they saw the speedy fruits of their labors was echoed in hell by lips of fire. But even mothers made light of it—"was it not New-Year's day?"—and a servant was speedily commissioned to take the drunken child to his home. Surely Herod is outdone by such child-murderers, who, not content with destroying the body, ruin also the soul.

At each succeeding call Willis Graham partook more freely than before of the poison he had at first so carefully shunned, and the corresponding change in his deportment was the inevitable result. You may imagine you can indulge in this vice to any extent without its effects becoming apparent, and your associates often permit you to cherish the delusion. But many a side smile and jest is indulged in at the expense of the boaster who makes such an assertion. The insane are the poorest judges of their own sanity.

"Come, Will, you have taken enough," said his tempter, as they were about closing the day's calls. "You may safely decline in here. If you take any more I am afraid you may make a fool of yourself."

"Take care of number one, old boy," said Willis with a knowing wink and nod. "I can pick my way without you, I guess."

"I'd be obliged to you to pick your way home, then," said the other, whose temper was always quite irritable when the wine had flowed freely. "I was perfectly ashamed of you at that last place. They were teetotalers, and you could have done well to have taken a glass of their lemonade. It might have cooled your brain a little, and I am sure you need it."

"Call me drunk, will you, when you are dancing and spinning around here like a—a—ah—dancing-jack. You can hardly keep the pavement under your feet, and are all the time pushing me against the lamp-posts. I expect to see you crawl up the next door-steps on your hands and knees."

"You take your road and I will mine," said the other angrily, and the two friends parted in a senseless quarrel. Willis missed his friend's supporting arm, as it was much the steadier of the two, and a misstep sent him with a splash into the mud and snow of the gutter. The chill was salutary, and gave him sufficient steadiness to get to his feet again, and enough presence of mind to hail an omnibus, which would take him nearly home. A smile passed around the group of men inside at his blundering attempts to get into the door, and as much room was made for him as possible, as no one wished to come in contact with his soiled garments. There was one grave face in the corner which regarded the young man sadly and sternly. It was a friend of his father's of high standing, and from whose influence he expected much in the profession he had chosen. It is doubtful whether the young man would have known when he reached home had not the same friend checked the stage and spoken to Willis at the proper time.

The happy group at home were waiting for him, and the bright, rosy faces of little Mary and Belle had been pressed against the window-panes again and again to catch the first glimpse of him.

With a joyful shout they rushed to the hall as they saw in the twilight his form ascending the door-steps; then little arms were about him in another instant, but a rude "halloo" was their only greeting as he nearly stumbled over them. Without taking off his hat or coat he stalked unsteadily into the parlor where his mother and sister were sitting and a few young friends of Emily's.

"Are you very cold, Willie?" asked little Belle, coming again to his side, and taking in her own dimpled fingers one of his soiled hands. He gazed at her vacantly for a moment and mumbled some sort of reply.

"O, let me show you my pretty China vase Lina Day sent to me," and, running to the table she brought back an exquisite lily-shaped cup and placed it in his hands.

He turned it round and round, and then, with a wink, said to the astonished child, "Just fill it up with something good and hot and that will take the cold out of me;" so he reached it out to her again, but in doing so it slipped from his uncertain fingers, and the shell-like fabric was broken into a thousand pieces on the marble hearth. With a loud cry of distress the child sprang forward, and Willis rising and stumbling at the same moment, the little one fell across the glowing grate, and one sweet hand and arm was burned and scarred for life.

The mother and elder sister had sat for the minute which had passed since he entered the house as if stupefied with amazement, and unable to believe the evidence of their eyes. How could they admit that fearful truth into their loving hearts! Could this be the noble boy they had bid good-by in the morning with so much joy and pride?

Catching up her suffering child the mother bade Willis follow her, and they both hastened to the nursery, where the little one for the time engrossed every thought and attention. After a time mother's magic had somewhat assuaged the intense pain, and the little one fell into a troubled slumber, murmuring plaintively about her "poor, broken vase."

Willis had been seated stolidly all the time in an easy-chair, watching with leaden eyes his mother's efforts. O, how unlike his own loving nature, which had ever cherished so tenderly this favorite sister. What a deadener of all natural affection is this demon of intemperance! In one day it can turn to a stone a

loving, devoted heart. Who would trust himself even for an hour in the hands of such a monster that could debase and degrade the body below the lowest brute, and turn to gall all the sweet fountains of the soul?

Mother, sister, how many drunkards have you helped to make this New-Year's day? If the serpent has glittered on your tables you may be assured some have been bitten. Your example has weighed more than many folios of good counsel on the subject.

"You may go to your room, Willis, and change your wet clothes," said his mother sadly, while poor Emily could only bury her face in her hands and weep and sob convulsively.

"Fact is," said Willis, nodding his head confidentially to a beautiful marble statuette on the mantle, "I do n't believe I can ever get this coat off. Tight fit, you see," he added, still speaking to the image.

"O, mother, mother, it can't be our Willis!" said Emily, wringing her hands in anguish.

"Seems out of sorts, do n't she, old fellow?" he continued, winking again to the figure.

A step sounded firmly in the hall, and the father entered. A glance and a word revealed it all, and with a strong hand on his arm and a stern voice he was led to his own apartment.

O, the bitter, bitter shame that followed that young man's fall! O, the blighting sorrow that fell upon that once happy household! Willis's sensitive nature was stung to the quick, and a recklessness which even a mother's love could not overpower took possession of his nature. He went down fast after that fatal New-Year's call, and the beloved son and brother was lost in the degraded, outcast drunkard.

O, is it not time that the cry which goes up to heaven from souls wrecked at these fashionable wine-tables was heeded? Turn your face away from the fact as you will, fair lady, you are making drunkards by scores every time you set out the sparkling wine on your festal table. O, what employment for woman's hands! When the fatal dart transfixes your own heart you will learn the wretchedness you have helped to bring home to other hearth-stones. O, do not tamper with such a deadly practice, but set the whole tide of your influence resolutely against it.

"There are some," you will say, "who can use wine in moderation, and it produces no evil effect on them." It may be true, but because some miraculously escape contagion in times of pestilence dare you walk carelessly through the streets of the infected districts? Not only would we most carefully avoid the danger ourselves, but warn with anxious haste

any we saw in danger of entering. So should we strive to save from this fearful destruction any over whom our influence may be exerted. There are more bitter wailings this New-Year's day over many living sons and brothers than for the noble dead on the battle-field.

Let every true-hearted woman ask herself the question, What can I do toward staying this fearful flood? Your favor or frown are all-powerful in reference to the continuance of this deadly custom.

WHAT WAKEST THOU, SPRING?

BY ANNIE L. RICHARDS.

GUSHES of bird-song on the chill air,
Murmurs of music that late were not there;

Flower-buds are springing,
Their fragrance flinging,
Welcoming thee.
Soft winds the birds rocking,
Cradled in air,
Myriads of blossoms
Soon will be there.

Some buds have faded that never shall ope,
Buds in the woodland and sweet buds of hope;
Since thy last breathing,
Earth's garlands wreathing,
Wakened our joy.
O'er these our hearts grieving,
Hush we our song;
Yet still the glad anthem
Moveth along.

Join we its chorus, forgetful of grief,
Rememb'ring the promise that bringeth relief;
All things together,
Working forever,
Blessings bestow;
On glad hearts that welcome
Jesus' sweet love,
Earth's sorrows forgetting
Resting above.

Morn hath its wak'ning, noontide its care,
Night hath its blessings, its sweet hour of prayer;
Hail we the morning,
Noontide, and evening—
Welcome the Spring.
Each hour hath its gladness,
Each sorrow its joy,
Each season its labor,
Each day its employ.

Till we one day, standing with joy on the shore
Where Spring is eternal, remember no more
Blossoms that faded,
Winters that shrouded
Hope-buds in death,
Praise we 'll join in singing,
Hearts "satisfied,"
"Wakened in His likeness,"
Thus to abide.

THE IRISH NURSE'S STORY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

IT was a raw, cold evening in June. It had been a raw, cold day; one of those unwelcome and unexpected stormy days that even during the month of roses will often intrude themselves just to remind us that they are not obsolete, but only "biding their time."

All day long had my brother Humphrey and myself wandered up and down the wide rooms in search of amusement. Not for me; I was a young lady of twenty Summers then, and though twice that age now, I remember very well the matronly dignity of those earlier days, and my assumption of superiority, on account of my mature years, over my unfortunate brother, who was only twelve.

He had been very ill, and though he had so nearly recovered as to fret every member of the household out of their wits with his restlessness and caprices, he was yet weak enough to require all the petting and coaxing usually exacted by over-indulged invalids, whether they be young children or old ones. On this particular day we had rummaged among the accumulated treasures of the old garret, and scattered the articles that particularly attracted the boy from the attic to the cellar, heedless of the stifled imprecations of the kitchen girl or the mild remonstrances of our mother. It was dark early, and I began to share in my brother's dismay at the prospect of the unoccupied evening before us, when a bright thought struck me.

"Let us go up to the nursery, Humphrey."

"I do n't want to. Johnny is cross and so is Annie."

"But Marget is not. She will tell us a story, Humphrey."

"So she shall," he responded, jumping up eagerly from the window seat where he had been watching the sullen clouds with a look as sulky as theirs. "I say, Clarice, is n't she a jolly old trump?"

"She is a kind, obliging woman, if that is what you mean."

"But for story-telling, Clarice, she's a regular brick, you know."

"I wish, Humphrey," I remonstrated, "that you would not use those slang terms."

"O bother your fidgets! Come along up stairs. Hurry up your cakes. Jim along Josey."

"O, Humphrey!"

"Let me have the lamp if you won't move. Get on with your hand-cart, can't you?"

Thus adjured I made the best of my way to

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the nursery, where we found the nurse Marget undressing Johnny and coaxing Annie, who was already undressed, to get into her crib.

"Ah, it's Miss Clarice and the young masher. A pleasant evening to yees. It's but a dull evening for the sthrawberry vestibule."

"For what?" asked Humphrey.

"For the Catholic Fair at Prince's Hall," I answered before Marget could speak, for I knew her dislike to being laughed at. "I hope, Marget, it will be a success. A strawberry festival so early in the season will attract a crowd. But, Marget, we have come to ask for one of your stories. Humphrey has tired both himself and me, and we want a story to rest us."

"Give us a rouser," said Humphrey; "an up and down clincher."

As the boy established himself on a cushion on the floor, and placing both elbows upon his drawn-up knees, supported his chin with the palms of both hands, with his great, wide, open eyes staring up into Marget's face, I remember thinking that boys of that age were rather unhandsomely got up and had an innate capacity for being disagreeable. Then I thought of his long illness, and how our hearts had ached with the dread of losing him, and the rude stare and ungraceful attitude were forgotten.

"I do n't mind telling yees," said Marget, stooping down as she spoke to pat the thin, boyish cheek, "for it's not for the like o' ye, Miss Clarice, dear, to ask jist for curiosity. Ye were blate indade to do that. It's a cowl evening, and the air cooms in snatches and fits as rough as a file, an' the rain poors like it would ase its mind for once an' for aye. But ye must wait a bit while I tie li'le Johnny's night-gown and get Miss Annie and him both snoog into their beds. Thin I'll tell you about my nursing at ould Mrs. Prouty's."

It was but a few minutes' work to dispose of the sleepy little ones, but Marget was no idler, and her basket of work was to be brought, and the labor for the short evening fully laid out before we could look for the promised treat. But she was ready at last.

"A very queer woman was ould Mrs. Prouty. Very queer. So sthout and rough looking, wi' pimples all over her face, an' her one big chin o'erlapping anither and working against that same whinever she spake, like as they had been two quarreling millstones. Thin her eyes! Little gray specks they were, as round as a penny and as bleared as the dullest o' copper besides. St. Katrine forgive me! But whin she stood up in the dazed sort of a way, that was common to her ather taking soom o' her doses, an' stared at me wi' niver a wink at all

to relave her, I used to think o' nothing on earth barrin' two burnt holes in a red woolen blanket. Thin she was that heavy and cloomsy as well, that when she was ixercising herself by a walk up and down the long room, the sthoutest timbers o' the ould house trimbled to the foundations. Arrah, Miss Clarice, but ye should have seen her hair."

"What color was it?" asked Humphrey.

"Of all coolors," answered Marget soberly, "leastways, it were o' no particular coolor, though, I dare say, it might have been pretty once. But sich a huge task as I had ivery wake a clearing out and claning that same! Both me hands and me patience were clane wearied out. All the wake long it were in soak aither in the camfire and wather, or the rum and the wather, or the sperit lowtion and the wather, till me hands, from the indless dabbling, smelled like an ould gin distillery. But it had to be all cleared out and curled ivery Sunday."

"Curled? Did you say curled, Marget?"

"To be shure, Miss Clarice. Her minister dined with her on Sunday, and she was aye dressed in her best thin."

"She was ill, was she not?"

"Well, for the matther o' that, I niver have felt clare in me own mind. She thought she was sick enough, and that was quite as well, though not so encouraging like as if she had been. There were thousands upon thousands o' aches o' all sizes, like a paper o' Wilson's assorted needles, foriver chasing one anither oop and down, down and oop the whole length o' her karkass, an' aich one o' the lot to be overtaken, and rubbed, and ineted on its own hook without any regard to all the rest. Och, what a waste o' mustard and sperits, to say nothing o' the big bottles o' Sweet's Infantile Liniments. At one moment she were beside herself wi' the brain dropsy, an' before I could turn me round for the blister to put under her ears, she were dying o' cholera infantum."

"O, Marget!"

"It's thrue, Miss. Only once did I express me disbelief o' the whole business, and I nearly got dismissed for it too. It was me handy way o' rubbing and belaboring that saved me. An' to spake the whole thruth, I made me apology for the sake o' pace, and it all blew over. 'Ye must remimber, misthress,' says I, 'that a sthrong person like meself, wi' me bodily credentials in the best o' condition, do n't know in the laste how to feel for the like o' yeas.' That satisfied her intirely. An', indade, she had quare spells coom over her that were niver clearly explained to me. It were mostly afther the taking o' the warm cordial in the evening.

A dedly numbness would coom craping over her, an' though her tongue rin faster and faster, it were seldom that it did not take Peter, the gardener, and Tony Foote, the colored confectioner over the way, and meself, to get her into her bed. It were a general wakeness o' the membranes. So the docther said. Perhaps he was right. Ony how it were, shure, not the wakeness o' the cordial. But the most thrying times o' all were whin she gave herself oop to imagining all sorts o' avils which were always to coom, but did n't. Och, if they only had! 'It were a complication o' diseases,' said the do ther. And he looked as wise as an ould owl."

"What doctor was it, Marget?"

"Nobody you iver saw, masther Humphrey; an' faith, ye may be thankful for that. A silly-looking chap he was, pale and yellow, like he were the last and the manest o' a long line o' tallow candles. Ye'd not belave it, honey, an' I should tell you how he humored the ould leddy in all her whimsies, an' thin pocketed his dayly fee as graciously as if he had earned it."

"Every doctor does that, Marget," I said soothingly. "They can't afford to spend their time for nothing, even if the sickness be imaginary. It is not their fault if the patient is not really ill."

"Ah, well, mayhap he were as good as anither," replied Marget, laying down her work and leaning back in her chair to look at me. "I've no reason to spake ill o' them, but St. Katrine forbid that whin my time to sicken and die shall coom, I shall be pestered all the way down the dark road, as I have seen a minny in my time. I have nursed the sick for years and years together, an' it were pleasant to see the life and the stringth coom back, but, ochone, the big woe it is to close the bright, loving eyes for the slape that niver will waken! Small good can I spake o' the docthers! They were aye and foriver in the way, daling out their botherin' doses when the good nourishment were sorely naded, and upsetting the whole house wi' their meddlin' wi' matthers too high for them. Recommending quiet and turning all coompany, as is proper, out o' doors; an' thin blatting away themselves loud enough to scare all the neighbors. As if a docther's noise were not as distracting as other pape's noises!"

"That's the talk," said Humphrey. "Do n't you remember, Clarice, how thundering loud Dr. Petite Pilldrop's voice used to sound in my room? I used to wonder why such a roarer should give such tiny doll-baby medicines, and why he was so set about mamma's keeping me quiet when he made such a rumpus himself.

Go ahead, Marget, you 're the beef for my money. You know the ropes, I'll bet."

"O, thin, as for the ropes I do n't know what ye mane. Some laddie's nonsense, I dare say," said Marget, smiling down affectionately upon the boy's eager face. "For the rest ye will not be above taking counsel o' Marget M'Quillin shure, and kapin yeself clare o' the business whiniver ye coom to choose yer thrade. Ye 're no fit for it. It would spoil yees intirely. It's the illigant head-work ye 'll be called to, acushla; a tacher or lawyer, or even a praste, whin yer wild oats are all sowed; but a dochter," said Marget, with the most infinite contempt expressed by every feature of her round, fat face, "a dochter's high proxy is not for the like o' yees."

"I shall have to defend the doctors, Marget," I said. "My uncle John is a doctor. There is sure very little hypocrisy about him. He is a favorite of yours, Marget, and you would be glad to see Humphrey become as good and useful. There are rogues in all professions."

"That may be, an' it's not for me to dispute ye. But, och, it's sick I am wi' the whole set, wi' their wise looks and spaaches, which niver coom them at all, savin' by chance or the blessing o' the Almighty."

"You forget, Marget, that you have n't yet told us what was the matter with Mrs. Prouty."

"Matther? It would puzzle a brighter one than meself to find out that same." Marget suddenly burst into a loud laugh, which she tried in vain to check for some minutes, Humphrey, all the while, urging her to tell the cause of her mirth by the expressive adjurations, "Let's see the mullen! Let out the badger!"

"It's jist nothing, masther Humphrey, but it came to me mind so sudden like. I'll tell yees directly an ye kape quiet. It was a late morning in Winter an' she had been for a long hour in the most aggravatin' temper, calling for all sorts o' things and contint wi' none. She had been slaping twelve hours, snoring away like a haunted beer barrel, an' noo she was sitting in bed a shaking a big cordial bottle wi' niver a dhrap o' liquor in it. 'An' what is yer complaint the day?' says I, as mild as a sheep. 'Whatever is coom o' the cordial?' says she. 'Ye dhrank it overnight, an' it plaze ye,' says I, 'an' it's a nice long slape yees got from that same.' 'It's a lie,' says she, firing up at once. 'It's a fine time o' day,' says she, 'if a poor sick cretur is to be slandered on account o' the medicine she is obliged to swallow for her disease?' 'An' what may be yer complaint?' I asked again as feelingly as I could, for me breath was gone intirely with rubbing her over

the shoulders. 'Ye 're a quare nurse,' says she. 'Intelligent nurses understand such matters. They are not obliged to perplex a poor sick woman to find out what ails her; mayhap ye are blind.' 'St. Katrin forbid! I knows all about ye. It's yeself that's in the dark. It's the slaping jeopardy ye've got,' says I, a raising me eyes an' me voice too, and looking as solemn as a black beetle, 'an' the good Lord above us all only knows what the ind will be.' Ochone! was n't she scared at that? I had to rin all the way to Derry Lane to fetch the dochter before breakfast. Three times before evening did he coom. One dollar a time. Will ye belave that whin I told him at night that he owed his fine profits to me, and asked jist a thrifle toward the coal for lame Nancy, he frothed oop like a bottle o' new emptins and thritened to tell the misthress? Arrah, the shallow gossoon that he was!"

"Is he living now?"

"Not he." Marget was back on her favorite theme now and unconsciously straightened herself up to reply. "Not he, masther Humphrey. He was too mane to grow ould. He was the kind o' goods that spile in a thunder-shower. The misthress said he died o' study an' thinkin'. But bless you, darlin', there niver was a bigger lie. Thinkin', indade! Mayhap a sthray thought belonging to another head got crossways in his skull and carried him off."

"Never mind the doctor, Marget. Tell us what was really the matter with old Mrs. Prouty."

"O, thin, it passes me powers intirely to do that. It were eight months, barrin' a fortnight, that I nursed her, an' all the disases as iver were known, to spake nothing o' thousands as niver was or could be, were gone through and dochtered as regular as a catechism. Nothing came amiss, an' she were perpetooally dying of aich, besides raally and thruly ating herself into a popplexy. There were a good many sick wi' the throat ail about the ind o' the Winter, mostly the children, and soom died, but we managed to kape her from hearing of it till it was all over. Small difference it made. She had it all the same, an' were as cross and cranky as a crab before boiling, because she were chated out o' the chance o' having it in the season. The whole house were filled with the sirups an' gargles. Sich chokin' and sthranglin' as we were thrated to! We had been torminted wi' rats all Winter, but the bastes were oop and off now. Ivery morning came the little dochter in with a bit o' sponge tied to a stick and claned out what he called the ossepapagus. At last her throat was sore in right airmest, and too

tinder to work upon, so she stopped both the worriting and the docthering till it got well, and thin started off on a bran new tack wi' a digestion o' the brain."

"Congestion, you mean, Marget," corrected the eager boy-listener.

"Niver you mind, it's the same thing. I must tell ye about Miss Phebe. She was a poor maiden leddy, an' she lived in that long, red house beyond Kilnock's store. There are five families in it now."

"Irish, of course."

"I do n't know that." Marget's voice had a sharp key as she took in the implied slur upon her country-folks. "It's French they may be for aught I know, or Americans aither. There's plenty o' both who like living in hapes. But I were tellin yees o' Miss Phebe. She lived there alone. She was ould and poor, and me mistress had paid her beforehand to come to her house whin naded and dress her for the grave. As if any body who knowed her would n't have been glad o' the job without pay. An' she had died at once the pay had been all right, but with ivery new disase the ould leddy was shure that the ind had coom, and poor Miss Phebe was kept continuoally wiggling back and forth till she pined away like a Spring robin. Through the bitter cowl'd storms and the dape snows she must coom, no matther if she were sick or well, she must be there to begin her work whiniver the breath should lave the ould leddy's body. I mind me well o' the last time she came. It was a raw evening in March, very much like this, barrin' there were an icy sleet in room o' the rain, and we all stood aboot the bed and waited and waited for the dying, till we lost all manner o' patience. It was all of no use, and Miss Phebe, poor sowl, sat down at last in the back kitchen and cried like a baby. She were clane discouraged, and the cowl'd had struck to her very marrow. I thried me best to spake coomfortably to her, and I made her a hot dish o' sage tea and cordial to warm up her feelings, but she niver brightened at all. 'If she only naded me services whin I coom,' she tould us between her sobs, 'I would n't mind the throuble o' cooming, or the cowl'd, or the long walk in the dark.' Poor thing! She broke down again and was so low-spirited that no one could help pitying her. Well, Miss Phebe niver got over it. She began to sink from that hour, and before the month were out she were laid out herself. An' will ye belave that the mistress has had a sore grudge against her for tin long years for not waiting to ernn the money?"

"Mrs. Prouty must know, Marget, that old Phebe was not to blame."

"O, thin, she is that onrasonable that it is small matther what she knows. 'It's down-right chating!' says the ould leddy; 'it was the least she could do,' says she, 'after spending the money, to kape to her bargain. It's little the honor as is left in the world whin sich thieving can go on without hindrance.'"

"Did you cook for her, Marget?" asked Humphrey. "Tell us what sort o' nice dishes you got up," and the boy smacked his lips with all the convalescent's keen appreciation of dainties.

"No, masther Humphrey, I was her nurse. She had a prime cook besides. An' O, Miss Clarice, mavourneen, ye should have seen her ate. The best in the land was cooked for her table. Och, the rich gravies and sauces, the jellies and relishes! It made one's mouth wather to look at them. But we had pace while she were ating, an' ye may be shure we prized that same. It was the only rest to be got the day, the three hours at breakfast, dinner, and tea, an' the two hours spent at her luncheon."

"Five hours of eating!" exclaimed Humphrey. "And such rare goodies too! I say, Clarice, did n't the old coon go it?"

"It scared me wits out intirely," pursued Marget. "To see her sit there day after day, first a scolding, thin ating and dhrinkin', till night and the big cordial came on thegither! And ivery Sunday the minister came, and after the dinner were over rade out in the solomnest o' all voices the prayers for the sick an' the dying. How the mistress praised the quare tones! Intoning, she called it, but it were rig-clar lamb-bass to my thinking."

"It was fun to live there, Marget."

"Arrah, me eyes could n't see it thin. It's the remimbrance, laddie, that has the fun for ye. It would thry a saint's temper into scraps to go through it all, but the pay were good and shure, an' wi' a little discretion o' me own I might have been staying there till now. It's worse places I've seen since and no pay at all, at all."

"How came you to leave?" I asked.

"Faith, Miss Clarice, it all coom o' a ride she took. The little docther ordered it. 'Suppose we lave all the physic for a wake or so,' says he, 'and thry ixercise in the open air.' 'You can't be maning the cordial,' says she. 'Of coorse not, kape on wi' that, though ye may take less if ye plaze. Ye must be your own judge of that,' says he. 'Take jist enough to kape ye coomfortable.' 'Ye are shure I can bear the ride, docther? It's tremendous wake I am,' says she, 'an' this riding looks resky.' 'You must be certain to get an asy carriage

and a careful driver,' says he, 'and not ride too far at first. Mr. Avery's close carriage will be jist the thing.' I was iver the errand-runner as well as the nurse, so it fell to me lot to spake for the carriage. I was not always in those days in the most angel timper, and all through the morning she had been that cross an' aggravatin' as I could willingly have stepped into Miss Phebe's dead shoes and dressed her for the grave meself, had it seemed expedient. Och, I can give ye no idea o' her, not the laste. I had rubbed her fat limbs upward to sind a glow to the heart—downward to warm the big feet—crossways, and sideways, and backward, and forward, to get oop a circulation all over, an' all the time she were ating her breakfast, barrin' the pauses for scolding and for swallowing all the bit pills and last dhrops of the doses on hand. A matther o' economy, she said, whin physic were so costly. I bit me tongue to kape it quiet, and thought were it a savin' too, the stuffin' wi' cold ham and vegetables, the hot-buttered toast, and biled eggs, and warm niggers"—

"Niggers!" I interrupted in astonishment. "O, Marget, what do you mean?"

"Thru for ye, Miss Clarice! It were a sort o' spiced wine wi' lemon and sugar in it, an' illigant dhrink worth the taking."

"Ah, I understand; you mean negus."

"To be shure. An' did n't I say that same? Now, Miss Clarice, dear, ye must not break in upon me story. It bothers me intirely."

"I am sorry, Marget; I will not again. Go on, if you please."

"What noo was I tellin' ye?"

"About old Mrs. Prouty's driving out for her health."

"Yes, yes, I mind it noo. Well, thin, I wint down to the stable a thriffe riled in me mind, as was but nateral. She called me back twice before I had passed the garden gate; once to syringe her two ears wi' the bay wather, and again to bid me hurry, for she were dying fast and the bluid were settlin' under her nails. But I got clare at last an' wint on me errand wi' such speed that the neighbors all ran to the windows to look and to call afther me, but it was no time for gossip, so I put me fingers in me ears an' spake niver a word at all till I reached the livery stable. Mr. Avery kept it thin. Not Joe Avery, who kapes it noo; it was his father. He is dead now, poor sowl; but it was himself who injoyed the fine jokes thin. 'I want a horse and carriage for the mistress.' 'Ah, it's the hearse yees wanting,' says he, 'poor Mrs. Prouty! So she's gone at last!' 'No, indade; more 's the pity,' says I.

'It's the docther has ordered the ixercise for her. Have ye got iver a close wagon wi' plinty o' that same aboot it?' 'There 's the new coach,' says he; 'the onasiest-going thing that iver was. She could n't ride in that. It's the asy springs that best suit the invalid.' 'Mayhap, but the docther ordered the ixercise. She is that heavy, too, that she will bring the sthoutest springs to their rason before the drive is over. Ye may sind the new coach.' 'And where shall I take the old lady? I have plinty o' lezure this morning; I will drive wherever she plazes.' 'Arrah, but ye must n't do that. It's the docther has the sole charge o' her, and it's ixercise for the twenty-four hours she is to get. It's the fine shaking oop she is nading,' says I. 'Ye must drive clare to the ind o' Stone Hollow and back agin without stoppin'. She will sraach soom o' coorse, but ye're not to mind that. The more good it will do her to get the fresh air into her lungs.' Mr. Avery sat down on the pole o' the new coach and laughed as if he had been threatened to the best joke in Ameriky. 'Tell the docther I'll see to it,' says he, 'but he must take all the responsibility.' 'Of coorse,' says I. 'Will she go at once?' 'Directly I get home.' 'An' will I nade four horses, or shall I go twice wi' two and take half o' her at a time?' 'Whichiver ye plaze,' says I. It were a long job and a hard one, ye may depind on that, to get the mistress fairly started. She had not been out of the door for a year, and I raally pitied her whin I found how little coorage she had. Will ye belave that I was oblaged to go with her at last, and that without a chance to contradiet me orders to the driver? Ye may laugh if you will, masther Humphrey, but I'll niver forgit that ride. It was a shaking oop indade. I screamed as loud as the mistress herself, an' the driver whistled and drove on the faster. But whin we got home and the docther were fetched, and Mr. Avery were inquired of, it were stirring times wi' us all for a sason. I were so lamed wi' the jolting that me power to defend meself were quite gone, but the mistress strode up and down the house like a mad baste. She has been better in health iver since, but she will niver forgive me for all that. Of coorse I was dismissed without warning or recommend aither, and this is how I came to lave ould Mrs. Prouty."

HE that doth a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF CHRISTOPHER
NORTH—PROF. JOHN WILSON.

BY S. ADAMS LEE.

NO man has exerted a greater influence upon the literature of the age than Prof. John Wilson. No man has arrived at such a brilliant literary height, and occupied such high and honorable positions, about whom, among the generality of readers in our country, so little is known.

John Wilson was born at Paisley, in Scotland, on the 19th of May, 1785. It would be difficult to find a village that has produced more distinguished men. Here was born Alexander Wilson, the greatest of European ornithologists. In this little town of weavers was born that sweet and tender lyrical poet, Robert Tannahill. This place was the home of William Motherwell, the author of *Jeannie Morrison*, the most sentimental and pathetic lyric that was ever penned. At an early age Wilson was placed under the care of Dr. McIntire, a clergyman of high character, who resided at Glenorchy, in the Highlands. It was perhaps at this very school, amid the beautiful and romantic Highlands of Scotland, that he received those "first impressions," which in after life contributed so much to his vast knowledge of nature. It was there his soul first expanded with joy, when he beheld the blue summits of distant mountains uplifted against an evening sky, and learned to gaze with delight upon the golden splendors of the sinking sun. It was there he first wandered alone through the flowery glens and over the heather hills, and caught an inspiration from every object that met his youthful eyes. It was there he first sought the mossy bank of some beautiful loch, resting, like a huge mirror, in the mountain gorge, and watched with enthusiasm every snowy wing that flitted by, and admired every wavelet that broke in sparkling spray at his feet; and it was there that he taught himself to kneel at Nature's shrine, and to acknowledge that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

From Glenorchy Wilson was removed to Glasgow, thence to Oxford, where he entered Magdalen College as a gentleman-commoner. When Wilson departed from Oxford a cotemporary said of him, "When he left us Oxford seemed as if a shadow had fallen upon its beauty." Between 1809 and 1812 he married an English heiress, of great beauty and accomplishments. Instead of spending the honeymoon amid the rejoicings and congratulations

of friends, he journeyed with his bride *on foot* over the whole of Scotland. This was a most fortunate match—the union of the eagle to the dove. From 1812 to 1817 he passed his time at Elleray, situated upon the banks of the beautiful Windermere. Up to this time Wilson had published two poems—one upon the death of James Grahame, another entitled the *Isle of Palms*, and these had given him considerable reputation. His name was now favorably known throughout England and Scotland; but the arena was just beginning to be opened, in which he was to display the power of his mighty genius. He came before the public at a time when nothing but the greatest energies and noblest powers could gain an audience.

Young, ardent, and enthusiastic, Wilson entered the arena, while around him were towering aloft intellectual giants, with whom he had to contend. From Italy came in mournful melody the strains of Lord Byron. Robert Southey was in his gala-time. De Quincey was preparing his "*Opium Eater*," and Macaulay was maturing those splendid essays upon Milton and Machiavelli. John Wilson Croker was in the ranks. Wm. Wordsworth had already achieved a name. Thomas Moore was already pouring forth his "melting murmurs," and

"Mad Coleridge, the mystical Lacon,
Who out-cants wild Kant, and out-bacons Bacon,
The vain, self-tormenting, and eloquent railer,
Who out of his tropes, jerries Jeremy Taylor,"

claimed his share of attention. In Scotland the shepherd, James Hogg, was pasturing his flock, and wrapped in his humble plaid was drinking inspiration from the twinkling stars that nightly kissed the waves of Loch Lomond and rested upon the summit of Ben Nevis. Dr. Maginn was sharpening his blade for the conflict. Lockhart was dreaming over "*Peter and his Kinsfolk*." Sir Walter Scott was then the *great unknown*, and Francis Jeffrey was the terror of the North.

About this time—1820—Wilson was elected to the chair of Mental and Moral Science in the University of Edinburgh. As a lecturer few men ranked higher than Wilson. His language was fine and his imagination brilliant. Those who have listened to him describe his oratory as overwhelming. At one moment his voice was as soft as the low murmuring *Æolian*, or the gentle whisperings of the zephyrs at eventide; at the next it was like the shrill notes of the clarion, or the roar of the tempest in its might. At one moment his eloquence was like the quivering lightning upon the Summer evening cloud; at the next it burst forth like a red

flashing meteor, leaving his auditory bathed in a flood of indescribable glory. He had many and many a time slept upon the "starry hills," and with what beauty could he clothe them! Often had he chased the red deer over the mountains, and with what vividness could he paint their towering summits from memory, softened by love and brightened by the magic touch of genius! The gleaming lakes, the sparkling streams, the glowing skies, the heather hills, the flowers, and trees, and "all things that be," found a place in his capacious mind.

The students at the University almost worshipped him, eager to catch every word that fell from his lips. As he grew interested in his theme, he could make them roar with laughter, burn with indignation, or weep with pity. Wilson lost his wife. He met his class in the lecture-room. His subject was memory. It was a theme he loved. He visited the "farthest-back hour" of his life, and lingered with delight amid the scenes and hallowed associations of his boyhood. In imagination he was once more romping in glee over the beautiful hills of Glenorchy, or was seated by the sparkling streams of the Lowlands, or was listening to the twitter of swallows or the songs of the nightingale, or was journeying through

"The glens,
And on the mountains, by the lakes and rivers,
And through the hush of the primeval woods."

The bright hours crowded thick and fast upon him. With enthusiasm he portrayed his first love; with vivid language he painted the first years of his wedded life, and when he spoke of the melancholy state of a bereaved husband, he could go no further; he leaned his face upon his desk and wept as if his heart was broken. When he arose the students greeted him with deafening shouts and applause.

We now propose to speak of Christopher North as a critic. In him true merit ever found a faithful friend; but, alas, for the charlatan that fell in his way! Upon such he had no mercy. A word from him argued immediate success, while one stroke from his lash was almost certain literary death. Wilson was too much of a Scotchman in thought, feeling, and purpose to be a strictly-impartial critic. He loved England, but he adored Scotland. To him the far-famed Italian skies were not fairer than Scotia's. In criticising our own Dana, or Willis, or Halleck, for instance, he was candid, liberal, courteous, and generous; but hear how he speaks of Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd:" "The Queen's Wake is a garland of fair forest trees bound with a band of rushes from the

moor. The airy beings that to the soul of Burns seemed cold, bloodless, and unattractive, rise up lovely in their silent domains, before the dreamy fancy of the tender-hearted shepherd. The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed all his days, inspired him with ever-brooding visions of fairy-land, till, as he lay musing on the brae, the world of shadows seemed, in the clear depths, a softened reflection of real life, like the hills and heavens of his native lake. When he speaks of fairy-land his language becomes aerial as the very voice of the fairy people, serenest images rise up with the music of the verse, and we almost believe in the being of those unlocalized vales of peace, and of which he sings like a native minstrel."

Wilson's first prose work was "The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." If he had written no other book, this one would have fixed his fame. It is a prose poem, breathing forth in the sweetest and most elevated strain the feelings and sentiments of a great mind; and painting scenes which awakened a sympathy in the breasts of the humble as well as in the hearts of the high-born. The "Lily of Liddesdale" is a story fraught with the finest feelings of our humanity. It glows with all the gorgeous hues of a refined and brilliant imagination; it touches all the tenderest chords which bind man to man; and the whole work proves that those lonely wanderings into the deep solitudes of forests, upon the lofty mountains, through the quiet glens, amid the flowery braes, beside the flowing streams, by the banks of gleaming lakes, had been for high and holy purposes.

The "Lights and Shadows" is a book of sparkling pearls. It is made up of short stories of the sufferings and joys of the humble. None but a man whose heart was full of sympathy and love for his fellow-man could have written it. Thousands of the lowly shepherds, like Norval's father, upon the sunny hills, read this work, and wept over the pathetic story of their sufferings and their wrongs. Lovely lassies pored over it at night beside the cheerful ingle-nook, when the wintery winds were howling fiercely, and the snow-flakes were rounding each "hillock into a crystal dome." In it they saw their own beautiful nature and forms reflected. In it they felt a powerful fascination, because it portrayed their own hearts, and drew a picture of what they knew to be real, because those scenes existed around them every-where.

"The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay" appeared in March, 1823. This is the best of Wilson's stories. It is a beautiful and pathetic tale of a maiden who suffered almost every conceivable

misfortune that could possibly befall a poor, frail girl. Some one has said that "Beatrice Cenci" is one of the saddest stories ever written. The author of that assertion either forgot or was ignorant of "The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay." This is the most pathetic story ever penned. Like all of Wilson's stories, it teaches a lesson of morality and religion, and is mingled with a deep sadness that sometimes becomes oppressive.

We sometimes hear persons condemning in the most reckless manner all novels as full of corruption and ruin; but Margaret Lyndsay will accomplish more in the great battle for morality, virtue, and religion than a thousand didactic essays will do. What man or woman—it matters not how hardened—who has perused the story of Margaret Lyndsay, has not arisen from the work a purer, better, holier man or woman! Margaret was an angel in the form of a woman. She is so delicate, so pure and angelic, that we can not, if we would, forget her goodness, her perseverance, and her piety. Misfortunes, enemies, griefs, and sufferings were her companions through life; but her purity, her virtue, her meekness, and her sweet Christian disposition bore her triumphantly through every scene of sadness, smoothed the pillow of death; and elevated her to those blissful mansions above. Her life is a beautiful emblem—sweetly embalmed—of all that is pure and noble in woman. Through all her afflictions she saw by faith a realm where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," and her death was like the folding of a beautiful flower at eventide. As long as there are those who love the true and beautiful, the power of religion, the brilliancy of morning, the calm hush of evening, and the quiet Sabbath day, so long will Margaret Lyndsay exert a beneficial influence over the heart of man and be remembered with delight.

In 1842 the most brilliant of those essays that had charmed thousands of the readers of Blackwood's Magazine, were collected into a volume entitled the "Recreations of Christopher North." Here Wilson is in his native element. In these articles he appears in the full strength of his genius, and displays a power of analysis, a beauty of diction, and a world of wealth that is wonderful. "An Hour's Talk About Poetry" is the most perfect specimen of criticism in the English language. It is a sparkling gem in the literature of the age.

For thirty years Christopher North was editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and during thirteen years of this time appeared that brilliant and dazzling series of articles entitled *Noctes Am-*

brosianæ. They are critical, biographical, historical, comical, poetical, and tragical. Amid such a profusion of pearls and diamonds the reader never grows weary. This page glitters with dew-drops, that one with brilliant pearls; this one dazzles us with a magnificent array of gems, that one overcomes us with its gorgeous glories.

To pronounce the work a noble production is feeble praise. It is a garden blooming with blushing roses—a splendid panorama representing scenes of greatness and grandeur. Abounding in philosophy, metaphysics, politics, poetry, wit, humor, pathos, and criticism, the *Noctes* present to the reader a "feast of fat things." If you love the morning, dewy and rosy, or the forest, grand and glorious; if you delight in gazing up into the "beautiful light of the boundless blue," trembling with light; or in viewing the soft and mellow twilight; if you admire the night

"Stringing the stars at random round her head
Like a pearl net-work,"

or the snow-mantled mountains, you can not fail to be gratified. All that a refined taste can claim—that an extensive reading can command—that a brilliant imagination can offer—that a glowing fancy can portray—that a poet's soul can breathe, may here be found.

When once fairly within the influence of the *Blue Parlor* or *Buchanan Lodge*, we can not tear ourselves away. We become charmed—fascinated. We feel and know that we are beneath the magic of a potent mind. We revel in a new and beautiful world, and in the fullness of our joy and admiration exclaim,

"Ne'er was such an Eden given
To houri of an Eastern heaven."

Beneath his powerful pen a new creation springs into existence; a creation not tangible but ethereal and heavenly, because of the mind. We hear the low but distinct murmur of streams, quietly flowing through beauteous and peaceful vales. Ever and anon we view, through the vista of grand old forests, the broad and majestic river, gleaming, like burnished silver, in the morning sunshine. We listen, while a pleasing sadness steals silently through our hearts, to the songs of birds. We inhale the rich aroma of a thousand sweet flowers. We watch with delight the heavens, now overcast with the thunder-cloud, now glowing with splendor, and now sparkling with a myriad of stars. We behold mountains whose blue summits are indices to a land of eternal repose, and we listen to the hum of many, many voices—not in anger,

but in love and thanksgiving, swelling up toward the throne of Him who dwells in light, above the mountains, above the clouds, and above the stars. Wilson, in the *Noctes*, has confined himself to no particular subjects, but with a master's might wrote of

"Wood, wold, sea, city, field, solitude,
And crowds and streets, and man where'er he was,
And the blue eye of God, which is above us."

Bulwer declared that there was enough poetry in Bailey's *Festus* to set up a thousand poets; the same may be said of the *Noctes*. Ages will pass away before we will see the counterpart of John Wilson. In body and mind he was a perfect man. In this work you will meet with "philosophy as deep as the Stagyrite's, wit as lively as Sheridan's, pathos as tearful as Scott's, wide as Byron's, and sociality as genial as that of Captain Morris. It seemed that he could play upon every instrument in the vast orchestra of thought." His labors will long be remembered, and his name will descend to posterity as an inheritance which will gladden, beautify, and adorn the literature of every age. He stands side by side with Scott, and Burns, and Allan Cunningham. By his genius he has hallowed every flowery glen and green savanna, and has hung a halo of beauty about those "soft, silent hills," which will never more grow dim. Combining such extraordinary characteristics, he is said to have been a remarkable union, the "eagle, the lion, and the man." With the ferocity of the tiger he combined the generosity of the lion, and to the daring of the eagle he united all that is great in man. Like a giant he walked the earth, but he left upon it the impress of an angel. Like the nightingale, he could fill the air with the sweetest melody, or, like the bold condor, could bathe his broad pinions in the pure light of the upper sky. Through many difficulties he rose upon the literary world, rushed onward to the zenith of his glory, and like the setting sun, sank behind the western hills, amid the splendors which his own greatness had created. On the 3d of April, 1854, he departed this life,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

REVIEW OF YOUTH.

THE retrospect of youth is too often like visiting the grave of a friend whom we had injured, and are precluded by his death from the possibility of making reparation.—*Landon*.

THE INVALID.

BY STEPHEN H. WRIGHT.

I KNOW that all is bright abroad,
I feel the sweet, reviving air;
I hear the children shout aloud,
I see the sunshine every-where;
And over all the arch of blue
Bends down to kiss the earth anew.
From open windows here I look
Adown the meadow's gentle slope;
I hear the murmur of the brook,
I see the sweet flowers springing up;
The young grass pushing through the mold,
And buttercups with hearts of gold.
Anon the breeze, with odorous wings,
Steals in upon my dreamy mood,
And for myself expressly brings
So sweet a message from the wood!
And faintly 'mid the orchard trees,
I hear the hum of honey-bees.
But fierce disease hath laid me low,
And bound me to a bed of pain;
With springing tread I may not go
Into my native walks again;
The vital current moves so slow,
A little thing might stay its flow!
In silence I must list you tell,
How Love and Beauty walk the earth,
Nor hie me to the woodland dell,
To hail the early flow'ret's birth;
Yet other eyes will smile to see
What was so beautiful to me.
You say the sun shines bright and warm,
That verdure covers tree and vine;
But kindly nature hath no charm
To soothe this weary frame of mine;
And yet 't is passing sweet to know
Her flowers above my grave shall grow.

THE MORNING STAR.

BY MRS. S. TAYLOR GRISWOLD.

THERE'S a star that shines on the blest highway,
Where the ransomed, heaven-bound are;
As a fire by night and a cloud by day,
The Bright and the Morning Star.
The pilgrim, weary and weak in faith,
Hath smiled in its beams afar;
One died to redeem him, "I am," who saith,
"The Bright and the Morning Star."
O narrow and rugged the blood-bought way,
That leads to the pearly bar;
But they who may pass it shall walk for aye,
By light of the Morning Star.
Shall trial and sorrow, so sure to come,
The peace of the spirit mar?
Nay! brightest in gloom shines the light of home,
The Bright and the Morning Star.

DISCIPLINE—STRENGTH.

BY MRS. CORA A. LACROIX.

DISCIPLINE is a word full of hardness, abounding in disagreeables till we learn to look beyond its hideous shadows and behold its weighty results.

My earliest ideas of it were that it came through dark closets, half-hours spent in cellars, a refusal of a mother's kiss, a teacher's ferule, a stand on a dunce-block, a seat "over with the boys," a split quill on the ear, or a birchen rod on the back. A few years later I associated it with a lowering Winter sky, a drizzly November day, or a snow squall in shivering, toughening March. Afterward it came through an unwilling obedience to college rules and laws, a binding of the will that took away the "do as I have a mind to." It came through studying lessons with a headache on a hot Summer's day, or a "nailing" down to duty within doors while green fields, balmy airs, singing birds, dancing shadows, blue skies, and fleecy clouds shouted aloud for me to be without. After this discipline came to me in visions, and I saw her subjects standing in the stocks, with limbs swollen and lacerated, and hands always suppliant, or driven by force into glowing, fiery furnaces, or led against their will to the stake for burning. I shuddered at the sound of the word, for it always meant "endure," and at that time "endure" only. Now I speak the word with reverence, for, however it comes, it is wrapped in glory.

I look not now so much to the means it employs as to the ends it accomplishes. Projects may fail, hopes may wither, tearless sobs may be wrung from the soul, burdens may bend, self may, nay, must be crucified, but yet it is better that it come, for there is nothing pure, save God, unless it come through the furnace. It is the school in which we learn, not to look to Stephen stoned and bruised, but to Stephen steadfastly looking up into heaven beholding the glory of God, and Jesus standing at his right hand.

The world stands in need of learning the lessons taught by discipline; character needs its results, and the most important of these are strength, endurance, patience, purity, and, in fact, all of the enduring, lovable qualities found in the earth.

One of the worthiest, weightiest, and most imperatively-needed results of discipline on the youth, and especially on young girls, is strength. In the majority there is such a visible lack, such an utter want of positive qualities in character,

such easily-satiated minds, such weakness of will—save of that style acted out as temporary obstinacy or nervous spite—such fickleness of purpose, such lack of moral courage to maintain principles by living them, such wavering and changing in making resolves, such shallowness of soul, such utter nothingness in both head and heart that one can but deplore their state when it is considered how highly and divinely most of them are endowed by nature, and how a compassionate Creator has filled the world with incentives to growth the most pleasing, satisfying, and ennobling.

It is by action, by exercise that we grow agile, apt, strong, and wise in our physical, mental, or moral natures. In this way every part learns to bend, if necessary, but not to break. The influence of action may be either active or passive. We may have to put forth exertion to mold others, or we may have to fold our hands and yield ourselves as clay in the hands of other potters to be molded. Often it is harder to cease from action and to suffer it than to act. Joy may be lived out all over, but sorrow must be smothered by withholding freedom from a part of our nature, so that we grow strong equally by learning to be free from the dominion of self and under subjection to self.

"Strength is health," Dr. Windship says, and I as much again as half believe him. He is our modern Samson, and, although no more than five feet seven in stature, his strength lies entirely beyond the reach of any modern Delilah, notwithstanding he is not half so wary of his confidence as to the source of his strength as was his predecessor. Overhearing his smallness of stature spoken of in questionable terms, he set up a gymnasium and began practicing for something better than size.

Some philosopher has said that Nature abhors a vacuum. Would that he had said at the same time she no less hates weakness, for then the world would have believed it, and, perhaps, would have taken more active measures to cultivate strength.

There is nothing save goodness—which may be another name for strength—more to be coveted, nothing more useful, nothing more beautiful than this self-same strength. Not strength of body alone—although that is more to be sought for than gold, and the duty of every one to have to the extent of his ability and resources—but strength of will, strength of mind and soul, strength in every nook and corner of our intellectual and moral being. O, if we would but use the gymnasiums that this great, roomy world furnishes prepared and in perfect working order for body and soul! We

find them abundantly supplied whithersoever we turn our eyes.

God has not sent a soul to act upon the stage of life without previously preparing for it its "climbing-rope, spring-board, vaulting apparatus, parallel bars, pegs, and pulley-weights," by the use of which it may gain strength indefinitely and continually, and I tremble lest he hold none guiltless who do not make a faithful improvement of these.

How many leaning, lopping spirits there are in the world to make the heart sick! I do not condemn leaning, for evidently God made us to lean, and there is an inexpressible beauty in it if mortals would only lean when and where they should, but, paradoxical as it may seem, we should lean strongly and bear equally. There is a spirit of mulish and arrogant independence displayed by a class of people who imagine there is no power on earth on which they are dependent, who feel that they bend to somebody if they have not their foot on every neck in the universe, which is not only not to be admired nor tolerated, but which is to be detested and humbled. But this being propped up on every imaginable side, and using every other being as a walking-stick, and every other head in the universe as a pillow, is a display of a degree of weakness that can but call forth the profoundest pity of every intelligent being.

It will be readily acknowledged that there are differences of capacities in intellects, but there is much more weakness arising from a non-cultivation of powers than from a want of them. God did not make and set afloat so much "milk-and-water" existence, nor can we think that he intended any should keep on growing bluer and thinner till there should be no shadow of a rising cream for the enriching of needy souls, nor will any one dare to offer this excuse when he returns his wheyey soul to the Leaser.

To live in the fullest sense of the word we must have spirits strong to be happy and strong to be miserable, strong to shout and strong to groan. A spirit too weak to groan is surely to be pitied rather than envied. How little depth of friendship or fellowship to one who has no great deep in all his soul's dominion, no upheavals of sympathy, no inner chamber for the smothering of spirits groaning! O, let me know when my ship is tossed, when it reels to and fro like a drunken man, when its timbers quiver in the wrenching power of a hostile wind. Deliver me from not knowing the difference between the friendly shadow of a floating mist and the black, threatening cloud that mutters of my wreck. It were better to have our being strung up to experience the

most refined and intensest suffering than to have it so weak and blunted as not to know prosperity from adversity, joy from sorrow, tempest from sunshine. We must have strength to resist evil, strength to go to the good, strength to defy the glitter of the golden dollar, from drawing the soul more mightily than the celestial kingdom, strength to stand up now and be noble, truthful, independent specimens of God's handiwork, strength to confess without blushing what we may have been in former years, although our position may have been ever so humble before God placed us higher. If we stand by props alone we stand not long.

Strength is not necessarily noisy nor boisterous. Nature is full of strength, yet how quietly she performs her mighty works! She fits her ponderous wheels, turns her mighty cranks; she lifts her powerful levers, yet you and I never hear her. Her steam never whistles, never puffs nor blows, her wheels never rumble, her lungs never roar; nevertheless, her universal machine-shop is furnishing all the mills, manufactories, furnaces, and noisy engines of man. She is putting forth great strength, notwithstanding it may be an intensely quiet morning, when the winds that rock all the cradles in the world are lulled to sleep, when the sun shines so peacefully that his light seems a quiet sea of melted gold, when the sunlit stars come lazily out of the water, and when the dew-drops that hang in the trees become fixed brightnesses.

Strength every-where is beautiful, and, though we purchase it by struggling through the hardest, roughest, darkest, and acutest discipline, the ends will justify the means. We may go to the lowest depths to obtain it, but it will land us on the highest heights. We want strength in thought that we may not bemean ourselves and insult the world by throwing over it the "ashes" of our poor, shallow surface-work. Let us have it in words, using short, full, round ones that are filled to the brim with meaning, not soften down, smooth over and flatten out a rich, strong thought by long, high-sounding, weak shadows of primitive depths of meaning.

My peace of mind has often been disturbed by sitting in the stocks while a long array of insipid words very ceremoniously knocked off all the knots and knobs from a thought that otherwise might have struck, and my feelings have been far from devotional while hearing men pray for our heroic soldiers, and call the stage of their brave work an "ensanguined plain," instead of using the great, meaning words, "bloody battle-field."

Last of all let us have strength in action, so that the intelligences of the universe may know that we are not merely attenuated echoes, but stirring emanations of Omnipotence.

VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE—A TRANSLATION.

BY REV. N. ROUNDS, D. D.

THIS prophetic poem has attracted the attention of Christian scholars from its evident allusions to the Messiah. Virgil was one of the purest and most virtuous of the heathen authors. A sage as well as a poet, his writings are chaste and moral, and adapted to promote religion as understood by the most enlightened pagans. This Eclogue was written at Rome about 40 years B. C. Of course no one pretends that it is inspired, and the allusions to Christ, as we might anticipate, are more or less obscured by mythological ideas.

Its design was to celebrate the birth of the son of the consul Pollio, and on this account it was dedicated to that noble Roman. But it is plain that the writer ascribes to the subject of his praise what can only be attributed to a being more than human. We have the best authority for believing that there was at that period a general expectation of Messiah's appearance.

This originated in part from the Sibylline books, and in part from the Jewish Scriptures, which, by the general dispersion of that people through the Empire, had become accessible to the Roman literati. What, therefore, was commonly foretold of Christ, and was the general opinion concerning him, is here gathered up and applied by the poet to the son of his friend and patron. These foreshadowings, however, were not fulfilled in that child, who died in his infancy; but they were accomplished, not long after, when the Savior, the desire of nations, appeared. Pope had evidently studied this pastoral before he wrote his "Messiah." Some of the Scripture prophecies, whose semblance Virgil has here presented, may be found Gen. iii, 15; Isaiah ix, 6, 7; xi, 1-10; lv, 13; lxi, 11.

SICILIAN muses! let us rise to strains
More noble: trees and humble shrubs delight
Not all. But when we sing of groves, that theme
Were worthy of a consul's ear. The last
Prophetic date of Cuma's sibyl dawns,
A round of mighty ages now begins.
Returns the virgin of the uplifted scales,
Saturnian times return. A wondrous race
Descends from heaven. Propitious smile,
O chaste Diana! on his birth, whose rule
Shall first the iron age annul, the golden then
Through all the earth inaugurate; for now
Thine own beloved Apollo reigns again,
And in thy consulate, O Pollio!
E'en thine, this glory of the age shall rise,
And the great months anew begin their march.
Under thine auspices, if aught remain
Of ancient fraud, it shall depart, and rid
The nations of perpetual fear. He hath the life
Of blessed gods, shall see gods intermixed
With heroes, be himself so seen by them,
And with his father's virtues sway the world.
To thee, O child! at birth, the conscious earth
Untilled, shall yield her vernal offerings,
The ivy creeping lawless, with the nard,
And colocasia, with acanthus mixed.
The goats, with milk-distended paps, come home
Uncalled, and herds no more fierce lions fear.

Gay flowers shall in thy very cradle bloom;
The serpent die, and die the poisonous herb
Deceptive; but the Amomon's spicy branch
Shall every-where its Syrian odors yield.
When thou 'rt sufficient grown to read the fame
Of heroes, and thy father's deeds, and learn
What virtue is, then shall the fields grow white
Unto the harvest: purple-clustered grapes
Hang from the thorn, and the sweet food of bees,
The dewy honey, ooze from gnarled oaks.
Some signs of former vice may yet survive,
Requiring still to cross the sea with ships,
Protect the towns with walls, and cultivate
The furrowed earth. Another Tiphys then
Shall rise; another vessel bear abroad
Heroic Argonauts; then other wars
Shall rage, and great Achilles sail again
To Troy. Henceforth, when manhood has confirmed
Thy strength, the sailor shall desert the sea,
And ships no more exchange their merchandise.
All things shall grow in every clime; no more
Earth feels the spade, nor vine the pruning-hook.
The robust plowman shall his ox unyoke.
Wool shall not learn again to counterfeit
Colors diverse, but in the mead the buck
His snowy fleece shall at his pleasure change
To sweetly-blushing crimson or to gold,
While self-dyed scarlet clothes the grazing lambs.
Concordant with the inexorable will
Of fate, the Parcae to their spindles say,
O haste ye happy years! blest morn arise!
Famed offspring of the gods! great son of Jove!
Assume thine august honors. Look! earth nods
Thee welcome, with its globous mass, land, sea,
And bending skies. See! at the coming age
How all rejoice! O that my latter days
Might be but lengthened till I celebrate
Thine annals; then nor Thracian Orpheus,
Nor Linus shall excel my song, e'en though
One should be aided by his sire, and one
By his devoted mother: Orpheus
By sweet-mouthed Calliope, Linus
By beautiful Apollo; nay, let Pan
Himself compete with me, Arcadia
Being judge, and Pan would own himself
Surpassed in melody by me. Begin,
Sweet boy, to cheer thy mother by a smile,
To whom ten months have brought great sufferings.
Begin, sweet boy, for him, upon whose face
His parents have not smiled, no god shall count
As worthy of his table, no goddess of her love.

FADING OF FLOWERS.

FADÉ, flowers, fade—nature will have it so,
'T is what we must in our Autumn do!
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that loved them found;
So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Miss'd by some few that loved our company,
But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

WALLER.

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN IN LIFE AND DEATH—
MRS. DR. EDWARD THOMSON.

BY REV. J. M. TRIMBLE, D. D.

WOMAN never assumes all the nobility and loveliness of her sex till she is clothed in the vestments of salvation. However great her natural endowments, however complete the cultivation of her intellect, the heaven-given graces of a pure Christianity must rest upon her ere she is seen in the beauty of a *perfect woman*. Under the enlightening and elevating, the renewing and purifying influences of the religion of Christ, she is fitted to go out into "the walks of life" and cast upon every path, whether roughened by toil or made peaceful by prosperity, the glad sunshine of her nature. It is grateful to know that many females of the present day are bright examples of the power and loveliness of our holy Christianity; and as they pass from our midst, it is a mournful pleasure to record their names and rear some humble monument to their memory, that may serve as lights to others treading the pathway to immortality.

One of these, Maria L. Thomson, wife of Rev. Dr. Edward Thomson, has recently closed her earthly mission. She was the daughter of Ex-Governor Mordecai Bartley, of Mansfield, Ohio. She entered upon life's mission May 25, 1820, and in a loving home-circle, surrounded by all the enjoyments that affluence brings to its possessor, life's morning passed beneath sunny skies. Possessing naturally a good mind, and being fond of increasing her fund of knowledge, she became early the subject of religious impressions. The soul pants for rest, even amid the profusion of worldly comforts—rest which neither the society of friends nor the gayeties of social life can bestow. She early felt there was a void in her heart nothing earthly could fill, and wisely she sought and found in God the rest her soul desired. In her sixteenth year she made covenant by sacrifice with God, by joining his Church and consecrating her powers to his service.

In reaching this point in the history of her life she was materially aided by the ministry of such men as Bigelow, Christie, and others of precious memory. Maria was the first of her father's family to make a public profession of religion, but God used her as the honored instrument of leading others of her family into the pale of the Church.

Her early Christian life was interrupted by few opposing influences. Hardy in her espousals to God she made no compromise with the world,

but following the Lord fully sought her happiness beneath the shadow of the cross. She had been a pupil at Norwalk Seminary, of which the lamented Jonathan Chaplin was president. The days spent under his tuition were days of profit. She often recurred to them as a green spot in the history of the past; they furnished associations and influences she desired never to forget.

Little did she imagine, while seeking to have her life in accordance with God's will, and so to live as always to enjoy the sunshine of his favor, that she was one day to be a sharer in the joys and sorrows, the responsibilities and blessings, the sufferings and rewards of an itinerant Methodist preacher. Yet she lived as if preparing for such a position, eminently adorning the profession she made of love for the Savior of sinners. How lovely to look upon youth, highly endowed of God, consecrating their young hearts and noble powers to the cause of the Savior! With some hope we may cast an eye forward to the end of their voyage of life, and anticipate for them an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom and glory of God. In July, 1837, she became the wife of Rev. Edward Thomson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then stationed at Detroit, Michigan. This was an interesting epoch in her history. She had been told of the trials and privations of an itinerant's life. She had some appreciation of what would be expected of her in becoming the wife of a minister; but having resolved to be a follower of the blessed Savior, and seeing no reason why she might not be assisted in her efforts to gain a meetness for the better world by being associated with a holy man of God, she advisedly, discreetly, and in the fear of God assumed the position.

She accompanied her husband to Detroit, and entered cheerfully and heartily into the labor of a helper. She was an efficient assistant at the altar, where kneeled the penitent seeking the salvation of his soul, and loved the work of pointing such to the Lamb of God, encouraging them to believe on him and share his salvation. Many a minister has had occasion of thanksgiving to God for bestowing on them in his providence a wife, who, by her piety, influence, and life, materially aided him in the cultivation of his Master's vineyard. And these good wives, many of them pass from earth to heaven, and their names are permitted to fade away from the memory of the Church, and their pious deeds are chronicled only in heaven. Should this be so?

From Detroit Dr. Thomson was sent to Norwalk, as Principal of the Norwalk Seminary.

Here Mrs. Thomson rendered important service for a time as preceptress of the institution. For this post of duty she was admirably qualified, and by her ardent zeal and religious life endeared herself, not only to the students of the Seminary, but to the citizens of the town. It was her delight to cheer onward in the path of duty and effort the student seeking the mental and moral preparation for the great battle of life. And where religion presides over and directs the mind of an educated woman, how benign and saving are the influences she may exert upon her pupils! God seems to have designed that she should be a cultivator of the mind and heart of youth. The next appointment of the Doctor was to the editorship of the Ladies' Repository, Cincinnati, O. Here she did what she could to lighten his toil and cheer his heart amid the arduous duties of his office. It was while residents of the city I had the opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with this estimable woman. The Doctor and wife were for a time a part of my family. Here I could see her every-day life, and the attachments then formed as Christian friends only increased as years passed away.

"Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing affection, .

For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the mind."

Her stay in the city was comparatively a short one, for the Doctor, in the middle of his term of office, was chosen President of the Ohio Wesleyan University, which office he accepted and removed to Delaware. This has been the family home since the year 1846. The enterprise of endowing a university by the Methodist Episcopal Church was an experiment, and it needs scarcely be said that the place filled by Dr. Thomson was to exert no small degree of influence for its success or failure. The choice was a most judicious one, as the history of the institution has demonstrated. Mrs. Thomson gave all her energies and influence to aid forward the University. She was no dead weight to her husband in his new position; but having gained some lessons of wisdom by her connection with Norwalk Seminary, she was prepared to minister aid to the Doctor, seeking to share his burdens, and, if possible, make pleasant to him the responsible duties of his profession. She took a lively interest in every movement of the Church for the upbuilding of this infant institution. Eternity alone will reveal the results of her efforts in reclaiming the erring, encouraging the disheartened, and cheering the steps of the weary student. With a mother's solicitude and even a sister's kindness she spared

no pains to benefit and bless them. Hundreds will cherish her memory in their heart of hearts, for they have shared her counsel and partaken of her hospitality. On Commencement occasions, when the Faculty, Trustees, visitors, and students all mingled in the entertainment she had furnished, it was very noticeable what pleasure it afforded her to minister to the happiness of others.

In 1860 Dr. Thomson was elected editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, published at New York. To dissolve her connection with the Ohio Wesleyan University was the severest trial of Mrs. Thomson's itinerant life—a connection with its history for fourteen years had secured for it a warm place in her affections. Added to this, two interesting children slept in the Delaware Cemetery. From these precious dead she was loth to part. How few appreciate these trials incident to the life of a Methodist minister! Many of these have members of their family circle buried hundreds of miles apart, no two of them occupying the same cemetery. Yet these men of God have comfort; for the hour will come when the sleepers shall awake, put on immortality, and be gathered into one household, never again to be separated. The health of Mrs. Thomson had been precarious, and she felt admonished that her time for enjoying the most pleasant associations of this life was comparatively short, and her thoughts frequently recurred to the fact that she must ere long sleep that sleep that knows no waking till the morn of eternity dawns. Would she be privileged to occupy a place in that spot dear to her because her lovely babes were there—a spot she had often visited and sought to adorn—or must she be buried among strangers? When Dr. Thomson left for New York it was thought not advisable to attempt the removal of his afflicted wife. Late in the Fall she went to the city and spent the Winter with her husband, yet she suffered greatly. In the Spring she returned to Delaware and spent several months with her friends. This she did each Summer, yet spending her Winters in New York. Last Fall it was ascertained that her heart was diseased, and she became deeply sensible that her earthly history would soon terminate. She nevertheless accompanied her husband to New York, anxious, while she could, to contribute to his comfort and happiness. With great Christian fortitude she endured her affliction, retaining her attractive vivacity and rare cheerfulness to the last.

A slight stroke of paralysis pointed most significantly to a new source of danger, and strengthened her convictions that her stay on

earth must be short. From this stroke she recovered, and her husband had hopes that encouraged him to think God might yet protract the stay of his devoted wife; but he was doomed to disappointment. On Christmas morning she said, "Husband, this will be the last Christmas that we shall spend together on earth. I hope it will be a happy one." And ere that day had closed a second stroke of paralysis gave certain promise of her early departure to the spirit-world. How mysterious the ways of God, yet how kind in all his providential dealings with his children! Though the sufferer was among strangers she was not without the presence, prayers, and sympathies of kind friends, who, to the utmost of their power, ministered to her wants. In her last hours, though deprived of speech, she was perfectly rational, retaining the use unclouded of her mental powers, her religious enjoyments increased, and her spirit triumphed in the God of her salvation. Often, with a countenance radiant with joy, she pointed upward to her home in the skies. Her affectionate heart frequently gave expression of the fullness of its love by the kiss imprinted upon the cheek of her loved ones. She seemed to say to her heart-stricken husband,

"Weep not, beloved, that I pass before thee
On the bright pathway to eternal rest;
That first my brow shall wear the crown of glory,
My song of praise be heard among the blest.
But O rejoice to think what days of gladness
Have lent their beauty to our earthly path;
That no harsh thought or word to waken sadness
May shade with gloom the picture memory hath
Think, for I know 't will wake a pleasant feeling,
However kind thy words were wont to be,
How mild the glance, thy faithful heart revealing,
How soft the cadence of thy voice to me.
But now I die, and yet my soul rejoices,
Knowing that I shall surely love thee still,
Even from the melody of angel voices
That float around, and all my senses thrill.
Ah yes, in danger ever hovering o'er thee
My circling wings will shield thee night and day,
And when thy feet shall tread the path to glory,
My hand shall guide thee on the shining way."

But the moment hastens that will quench that vital spark; yet faith triumphs, and all who witnessed the cessation of the heart's life-currents were deeply impressed with the conviction that she was victor in the last struggle, and with blessed triumph, on the 31st of December, 1863, gained her abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom and glory of God.

Dr. Thomson determined to bury his wife in the family lot in the Cemetery at Delaware, Ohio. Appropriate funeral services were performed in her room, which were made exceed-

ingly interesting by an accompanying service. Mrs. Thomson's son Edward had, nearly six months before, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church on trial. He desired to be received into full connection with the Church at that time and in that room. Dr. Newman, his pastor, gratified the laudable desire of Edward, and beside the corpse of his sainted mother he took the vows of God upon him. Surely that scene will never fade from his memory, or the influences of that hour from his heart. Her remains were conveyed to Delaware, where a sermon was preached in the presence of her relatives, friends, and acquaintances, after which her body was laid beside her sleeping children. There sweet be their rest till Jesus bids them arise, clothed upon with immortality, to hear him say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, enter into the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Mrs. Thomson was a woman of excellent mind, and that mind cultivated. Her heart had not been neglected, for she early in life felt the need of, and sought and obtained, that wisdom coming from above. She was a most devoted wife, cherishing the reputation and happiness of her husband as her own life. It was her pleasure to bear the burden of household matters, thus relieving as much as possible her husband from care and anxiety. Believing that home is the most appropriate place of enjoyment to husband and children, she sought to make hers the most attractive to them. How often will the tear of affection fall from the eyes of that husband and those children as the mind goes back mournfully and sadly to the hearth-stone of home! In times of affliction she was an angel of mercy at the bedside of suffering, where, losing sight of self in her sympathy for the afflicted, she was ready for any service.

She was ardent in her temperament, and her attachment to her friends was a threefold cord not easily severed. Her love for the Church of God was earnest, and her labor in advancing the interests of religion unflagging. The membership of St. Paul's, Delaware, where she worshiped, will feel her loss, nor soon forget the service she rendered in advancing the interests of the charge. She sought to be useful, and her service was irksome that gave promise of good to her race. But the day of her service is ended; the time of her toil is past.

It is sad to know that one so blessed in the associations of life—one occupying so interesting and useful a position in society—one who gave so much of sunshine to her own family-circle has been taken away by death.

Ah, yes, the good, the lovely, the virtuous must needs die that they may be immortal, for mortality with them shall be swallowed up of life. 'Tis thus religion furnishes the aid necessary for the full development of character befitting woman for her position as wife, mother, sister, daughter, friend. 'Tis thus, having assisted in the fulfillment of life's obligations, religion prepares for the enjoyment of that nobler life, where humanity, white-robed and crowned, claims companionship with angels and kinship with Jehovah.

THE SILENT CITY.

BY CORNELIA M. EARLE.

PROFOUND stillness reigns here; naught breaks the quiet of the twilight hour save the joyous chirping of Nature's songsters, whose little throats seemed filled with sweetness, as they linger and flit over this sadly-sweet spot. In the distance the busy hum of village life is heard, but here all is calm.

'Tis well thus to draw away from the noisy, jostling world, and in silent communion with our own hearts drink deep from the great lesson this silent picture teaches. Here rest the ashes of many buried hopes; here beneath this green carpet of nature—beneath drooping willows and beautiful flowers—sleep the aged, the middle-aged, youth, and budding infancy. Yes, the aged, care-worn pilgrim has laid down his staff and wearily reposed his head upon his mother earth. Those, too, who were in the full flush of life, buoyant with hopes, suddenly wearied, drooped, and died. We bore them to this silent city and covered them over with the damp clods of the valley. O, consecrated spot! sacred to the affections—for here rest the moldering caskets which incased those spirits gone before, whose companionship made life bright and joyous.

The last, lingering rays of the setting sun gild the scene. How impressively sad—how thrillingly beautiful the lesson we glean from this silent, spirit communion! Soon, very soon, will those now in the beauty of youth, in the strength and pride of health, join the silent numbers congregated here. And it is well. Our physical man starts and shudders at the thought; but our spiritual nature catches a glimpse of that spirit-life beyond the portals of the silent city where life, pure, free, and joyous, shall be ours.

"Ah! silent city of the dead,
We walk with still and quiet tread

Your lonely streets among;
We drop a tear of inward grief—
It gives the spirit sweet relief,
With sadness wrung.

A lesson sad, but fraught with good—
A tearful one, but strengthening food,
Thou givest to me;
We learn that 'dust returns to dust,'
Anew in God we put our trust,
And bow the knee."

LUCRETIA.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

THE wild flowers bloom around me: I remember
My chosen playmate, who, when life was new,
When buds were bursting in the freshening weather,
Was wont to roam with me the woodlands through.

I shut my eyes, and from the scented prairie
I recognize the breath of Spring as well,
Transform the ditch along the arrowy railroad
To sparkling stream which wandered through the dell.

I see the alders dip their tangled tresses
In the cool water by the pebbly shore,
While in and out those leaf-embowered recesses,
The sunshine glances fitful as before.

The rock-indented hill-side sloping southward—
Again I shut my eyes—in fancy see,
Forget the weary climbing to its summit,
But all its beauty is brought back to me.
And near the bowlders seamed, moss-flecked and massive,

Trailing arbutus, incense-breathing vine,
With violets white and blue, fresh from the meadows,
And sweet anemones in wreaths we twine.

And I, in silence, watch the white clouds o'er us,
And make no sign, although my heart rejoice,
While with the gentle wind's and water's chorus
Mingles in harmony Lucretia's voice.

The sunlight gladdens me: my eyes I open;
The belt of woodland skirts the eastern view,
Far to the west and south stretches the prairie,
Jeweled with flowers of ever-varying hue.

The long grass surges in the breeze of morning,
The blackbird answers to the robin's trill,
The dream of youth is evermore returning,
Life moves in circles—we are children still.

I heed not those who talk of years departed;
My years are with me; none of them have gone;
Each Spring reveals the treasures of my birthright,
And hopes are nurtured new with every dawn.

And they, the friends of other days, are nestled
Close round my heart, with those I cherish now;
Dark nights and hoary Winters vain have wrestled,
They can not hide from me one revered brow.

And she, whose early songs this day recalls me,
Who, hand in hand with me, our child-path trod,
Is still a loving, tender presence round me;
Some one has said, "Last year she went to God."

HARRIET NEWELL.

EDITORIAL.

INSTEAD of attempting a formal sketch of the life of Harriet Newell, we shall make a few excerpts from the materials before us. The first is from "Woman's Record," written by Mrs. S. J. Hale:

SKETCH BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

The first American heroine of the missionary enterprise was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, October 10, 1793. Her maiden name was Atwood. In 1806, while at school at Bradford, she became deeply impressed with the importance of religion, and at the age of sixteen she joined the Church. On the 9th of February, 1812, Harriet Atwood married the Rev. Samuel Newell, missionary to the Burman Empire; and in the same month Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, for India. On the arrival of the missionaries at Calcutta they were ordered to leave by the East India Company; and accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked for the Isle of France. Three weeks before reaching the island she became the mother of a child, which died in five days. On the 30th of November, seven weeks and four days after her confinement, Mrs. Harriet Newell, at the age of twenty, expired, far from her home and friends. She was one of the first females who ever went from this country as a missionary; and she was the first who died a martyr to the cause of missions. That there is a time, even in the season of youth and the flush of hope, when it is "better to die than to live," even to attain our wish for this world, Harriet Newell is an example. Her most earnest wish was to do good for the cause of Christ, and be of service in teaching his Gospel to the heathen. Her early death has, apparently, done this better and more effectually than the longest life and most arduous labors of any one of the noble band of American women who have gone forth on this errand of love and hope. In the language of a recent writer on this subject, "Heroines of the Missionary Enterprise," Harriet Newell was the great proto-martyr of American missions. She fell, wounded by death, in the very vestibule of the sacred cause. Her memory belongs, not to the body of men who sent her forth, not to the denomination to whose creed she had subscribed, but to the Church, to the cause of missions. With the torch of truth in her hand she led the way down into a valley of darkness, through which many have followed. Her work was

short, her toil soon ended; but she fell, cheering by her dying words and her high example the missionaries of all coming time. She was the first, but not the only martyr. Heathen lands are dotted over with the graves of fallen Christians; missionary women sleep on almost every shore, and the bones of some are whitening in the fathomless depths of the ocean.

Never will the influence of the devoted woman, whose life and death are here portrayed, be estimated properly till the light of an eternal day shall shine on all the actions of men. We are to measure her glory, not by what she suffered, for others have suffered more than she did. But we must remember that she went out when the missionary enterprise was in its infancy—when even the best of men looked upon it with suspicion. The tide of opposition she dared to stem, and with no example, no predecessor from American shores, she went out to rend the veil of darkness which gathered over all the nations of the East.

Things have changed since then. Our missionaries go forth with the approval of all the good; and the odium which once attended such a life is swept away. It is to some extent a popular thing to be a missionary, although the work is still one of hardship and suffering. It is this fact which gathers such a splendor around the name of Harriet Newell, and invests her short, eventful life with such a charm. She went when no foot had trodden out the path, and was the first American missionary ever called to an eternal reward. While she slumbers in her grave, her name is mentioned with affection by a missionary Church. And thus it should be. She has set us a glorious example; she has set an example to the Church in every land and age, and her name will be mingled with the loved ones who are falling year by year; and if when the glad millennium comes, and the earth is converted to God, some crowns brighter than others shall be seen amid the throng of the ransomed, one of those crowns will be found upon the head of Harriet Newell.

"History is busy with us," said Marie Antoinette; and the hope that her heroic endurance of ignominy and suffering would be recorded, and insure the pity and admiration of a future age, doubtless nerved her to sustain the dignity of a queen throughout the deep tragedy of her fate.

The noblest heroism of a woman is never thus self-conscious. The greatest souls, those who elevate humanity and leave a track of light—"as stars go down"—when passing away from earth, never look back for the brightness. A woman with such a soul is absorbed in her love

for others and in her duty toward God. She does what she can, feeling constantly how small is the mite she gives; and the worth which it is afterward discovered to bear would, probably, astonish the giver far more than it does the world.

Harriet Newell died at the early age of twenty, leaving a journal and a few letters, the record of her religious feelings and the events of her short missionary life. These fragments have been published, making a little book. Such is her contribution to literature, yet this small work has been and is now of more importance to the intellectual progress of the world than all the works of Madam de Stael. The writings of Harriet Newell, translated into several tongues, and published in many editions, have reached the heart of society, and assisted to build up the throne of woman's power, even the moral influence of her sex over men, and their intellect can never reach its highest elevation but through the medium of moral cultivation.

MR. NEWELL'S LETTER ANNOUNCING THE DEATH
OF HIS WIFE TO HER MOTHER.

As a supplement to this beautiful sketch we quote the affecting letter of Mr. Newell, written after the death of his wife to her mother: "When I sit down to address you, my dear mother, from this distant land, to me a land of strangers and a place of exile, a thousand tender thoughts arise in my mind, and naturally suggest such inquiries as these, How is it now with that dear woman to whom I am indebted for my greatest earthly blessing, the mother of my dear Harriet, and mine, too? for I must claim the privilege of considering you as my own dear mother. Does the candle of the Lord shine on her tabernacle, and is the voice of joy and praise yet heard in her dwelling? Or, what is not improbable in this world of disappointment, has some new affliction, the death, perhaps, of a dear child or of some other beloved friend, caused her heart again to bleed and her tears to flow? Ah, my mother, though we may live many years and see good in them all, yet let us remember the days of darkness, for they, too, will be many. It is decreed by Infinite Wisdom alone that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven. You, my dear mother, have had your share of adversity, and I, too, have had mine; but we will not complain. Sanctified afflictions are the choicest favors of Heaven. They cure us of our vain and foolish expectations from the world, and teach our thoughts and affections to ascend and fix on joys that never die. I never longed

so much to see you as I have these several days past. What would I now give to sit one hour by that dear fireside, where I have tasted the most unalloyed pleasure that earth affords, and recount to you and the dear children the perils, the toils, and the sufferings through which I have passed since I left my native land! In this happy circle I should for a moment forget. . . .

"Yes, my dear friends, I would tell you how God has disappointed our favorite schemes and blasted our hopes of preaching Christ in India, and has sent us all away from that extensive field of usefulness, with an intimation that he has nothing for us to do there, while he has suffered others to enter in and reap the harvest. I would tell you how he has visited *us all with sickness*, and how he has afflicted me, in particular, by taking away the dear little babe which he gave us—the child of our prayers, of our hopes, of our tears. I would tell you—but, O! shall I tell it, or forbear. . . .

"Have courage, my mother, God will support you under this trial, though it may for a time cause your very heart to bleed. Come, then, let us mingle our griefs and weep together, for she was dear to us both, and she, too, is gone. Yes, Harriet, your lovely daughter, is gone, and you will see her face no more. Harriet, my own dear Harriet, the wife of my youth and the desire of my eyes, has bid me a last farewell and left me to mourn and weep. Yes, she is gone. I wiped the cold sweat of death from her pale, emaciated face, while we traveled together down to the entrance of the dark valley. There she took her upward flight, and I saw her ascend to the mansions of the blessed. O, Harriet, Harriet, for thou wast very dear to me! Thy last sigh tore my heart asunder, and dissolved the charm that bound me to earth. . . .

"Let us turn from the tale of woe to a brighter scene, one that will gladden your heart, as I am sure it does mine. During this long series of sufferings, the bare recital of which must affect every feeling heart, she meekly yielded to the will of her Heavenly Father without one murmuring word. 'My wicked heart,' she writes, 'is *inclined* to think it hard that I should suffer such fatigue and hardship. I sinfully envy those whose lot it is to live in tranquillity on land. Happy people! ye know not the toils and trials of voyagers across the rough and stormy deep. O for a little Indian hut on land! But hush, my warring passions, it is for Jesus, who sacrificed the joys of his Father's kingdom, and expired on a cross to redeem a fallen world, that thus I wander from place to

place, and feel no where at home. How reviving the thought! How great the consolation it yields to my sinking heart! I will cherish it, and yet be happy.'

"In view of those sufferings which she afterward experienced, she writes thus: 'I hope to reach the place of our destination in good health. But I feel no anxiety about that; I know that God orders every thing in the best possible manner. If he so orders events that I shall suffer pain and sickness on the stormy ocean, without a female friend, exposed to the greatest inconveniences, shall I repine and think he deals hardly with me? O, no. Let the *severest trials and disappointments* fall to my lot, guilty and weak as I am, yet I think I can rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.'

"In the first part of her sickness she had some doubts, which occasionally interrupted her spiritual comfort; but they were soon removed, and her mind was filled with that peace of God which passeth all understanding. When I asked her a few days before she died if she had any remaining doubts respecting her spiritual state, she answered, with an emphasis, that she had none. During the whole of her sickness she talked in the most familiar manner, and with great delight, of death and the glory that was to follow. When Dr. Burke one day told her those were gloomy thoughts, she had better get rid of them, she replied, on the contrary, they were to her cheering and joyful beyond what she could express. When I attempted to persuade her that she would recover, which I fondly hoped, it seemed to strike her like a disappointment. She would say, 'You ought rather to pray that I may depart, that I may be perfectly free from sin, and be where God is.'

"A few days before she died, after one of those distressing turns of coughing and raising phlegm which so rapidly wasted her strength, she called me to come and sit on the bed beside her and receive her dying messages to her friends. She observed that her strength was quite exhausted, and she could say only a few words, but feared she should not have another opportunity. 'Tell my dear mother,' said she, 'how much Harriet loved her. Tell her to look to God and keep near to him, and he will support and comfort her in all her trials. I shall meet her in heaven, for surely she is one of the dear children of God.' She then turned to her brothers and sisters. 'Tell them,' said she, 'from the lips of their dying sister that there is nothing but religion worth living for. O, exhort them to attend immediately to the care of their precious, immortal souls. Tell them not

to delay repentance. The eldest of them will be anxious to know how I now feel with respect to missions. Tell them, and also my dear mother, that I have never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ. Let my dear brothers and sisters know that I love them to the last. I hope to meet them in heaven; but O, if I should not!' Here the tears burst from her eyes, and her sobs of grief at the thought of an eternal separation expressed the feelings that were too big for utterance. After she had recovered a little from the shock which these strong emotions had given to her whole frame, she attempted to speak of several other friends, but was obliged to sum up all she had to say in 'Love and an affectionate farewell to them all.' Within a day or two of her death, such conversation as the following passed between us:

"Should you not be willing to recover and live awhile longer here?"

"On some accounts it would be desirable. I wish to do something for God before I die. But the experience I have had of the deceitfulness of my heart leads me to expect that, if I should recover, my future life would be much the same as my past has been, and I long to be perfectly free from sin. God has called me away before we have entered on the work of the mission; but the case of David affords me comfort; I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen, and I hope God will accept me.'

"But what shall I do when you are gone? How can I bear the separation?"

"Jesus will be your best friend, and our separation will be short. We shall soon, very soon, meet in a better world; if I thought we should not it would be painful indeed to part with you.'

"How does your past life appear to you now?"

"Bad enough, but that only makes the grace of Christ appear the more glorious.

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my heavenly dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

"When I told her that she could not live through the next day, she replied, 'O, joyful news! I long to depart.' Some time after I asked her, 'How does death appear to you now?' She replied, 'Glorious; truly welcome.' During Sabbath night she seemed to be a little wandering, but the next morning she had her recollection perfectly. As I stood by her I asked her if she knew me. At first she made

no answer. I said to her again, 'My dear Harriet, do you know who I am?' 'My dear Mr. Newell, my husband,' was her reply, but in broken accents and a voice faltering in death.

"The last words which I remember, and which, I think, were the last she uttered relative to her departure, were these, 'The pains, the groans, the dying strife, how long, O Lord, how long?'"

"But I must stop, for I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter, though I have come far short of doing justice to the dying deportment of this dear friend. O, may my last end be like hers!"

A TRAVELER BY THE GRAVE OF HARRIET
NEWELL.

Harriet Newell was buried on the island of Mauritius, and there her dust still slumbers. A recent traveler in the East thus describes his search for her grave and its appearance when found:

"Thus I wandered, and mused, and searched in vain, till at last I approached an artisan occupied in putting letters upon a monument, and upon inquiring for the grave was answered in some language utterly incomprehensible to me, and at the same time was pointed to the heel of an Irishman on the outside of the inclosure, who at once conducted me to the sought-for spot. The artisan was facing it when I addressed him. I had almost touched it, and stood upon it when I inquired of him; but the grave was so crowded by others, the slab containing the inscription lying upon the ground, and a low stone only being erected at the head, that it could not be recognized without stooping down to read the name and epitaph. The inscription is perfectly legible, and the grave kept with care and neatness, several of the Scotch and English residents being familiar with her history and honoring her memory. Indeed, most of the Protestant population of the city have heard her name, if nothing more, and have heard it only to do it honor. The grave of a devoted English Wesleyan missionary almost touches that of Mrs. Newell, and hard by is that of the Rev. Mr. Thompson, the friend and associate of Henry Martyn, whose tender spirit, touched with a tinge of melancholy, was beyond any other in harmony with hers. A few geraniums were growing near the grave, some of which I plucked, and three trees resembling the cypress and fir, out of four once planted at the adjacent grave, had in time shot up forty or fifty feet, whose branches spread out over Harriet Newell's grave, sighed out a soft and long requiem."

THE DREAMER.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

SHE was a genius, so they said,
Unfitted for the common themes
That wake to thought the vulgar mind—
A child of visions, fancies, dreams.
She studied little, reading much;
Her tresses tangled and unbound,
And negligent in air and dress,
She gained the name of "The Profound."
And thus she grew to womanhood,
Reading romances so high-wrought
That she disdained life's quiet ways
And all stern discipline of thought.
She looked in vain for gallant hearts,
Like those possessed by knights in armor,
Or that devotion which inspired
The breast of ancient, wandering palmer.
And when by carelessness she found
Herself exposed to sudden danger,
Where was the ill-averting hand
Of some "unlooked-for, manly stranger?"
Where was the watchful human eye
To study every fond caprice
Of hers? and where the tireless love
To give her from all care release?
Alas! she sought for these in vain;
Watching for bliss to culminate,
She lost the simple, quiet joys
That are the humble heart's estate.
And days, and months, and years went by,
And happiness was unattained;
Less thought for self, more thought for all,
Would, mayhap, that fond boon have gained.

FAITH AND HOPE.

A SWALLOW in the Spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essay'd to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.
Day after day she toil'd
With patient art; but, ere her work was crown'd,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoil'd,
And dash'd it to the ground.
She found the ruin wrought;
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.
But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hands, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.
But still her heart she kept,
And toil'd again; and, last night hearing calls,
I look'd, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.
What trust is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have faith and struggle on. SOUTHEY.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Sabiunt.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF SPIRITUAL INDOLENCE.—*"I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth; and thy want as an armed man."* Prov. xxiv, 30-34.

We have here indolence portrayed by the hand of a master; and as it stands before us on the canvas, certain facts strike us concerning it; namely, that it is foolish, procrastinating, and ruinous.

I. IT IS FOOLISH. Solomon characterizes this indolent man as one "void of understanding." Wherein do you see this man's folly? *In the flagrant neglect of his own interests.* Unlike the condition of millions who have not one yard of green sod which they can call their own, this man held a little estate in his possession. He had a "field" and a "vineyard," and upon the cultivation of this depended his bread. But he neglected it, and it was grown over with thorns. Morally, this vineyard may signify our spiritual natures, with all their faculties and potential powers, and which it is both our manifest interest and bounden duty to cultivate. There is one noticeable point of distinction between material and spiritual cultivation. You may cultivate your field by proxy, but you can only cultivate your soul yourself.

II. IT IS PROCRASTINATING. Solomon observed that indolence in this man led to constant procrastination. "I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." To the indolent man duty is always for the morrow. The idea of working is not given up, but postponed from day to day; and the longer it is postponed the more indisposed the mind grows for its performance. It is always asking for a longer delay, always seeking "a little slumber," or always looking to a "more convenient season."

III. IT IS RUINOUS. 1. *Consider the wretched condition to which his estate was reduced.* "Lo, it was all grown over with thorns," etc. It might have waved in golden grain—it might have been a scene of loveliness and plenty; but it is an unsightly wilderness, unprotected, open to the foot of every intruder. It is noteworthy that ruin comes not by cultivation but by neglect. Your garden will soon become a wilderness if you neglect it. Heaven's kind arrangement this to stimulate labor. It is so with the soul. You need not

strive to ruin yourselves—do nothing and you will be damned.

2. *Consider the utter destitution to which it must inevitably conduct.* By this indolence "thy poverty shall come as one that travelth," etc. Two things are suggested by these words: (1.) *That the ruin is gradual in its approach.* "Thy poverty shall come." It does not burst on you at once like a thunder-storm. The punishment of the indolent farmer takes all the months from Spring-time to harvest to approach him. Full and adequate retribution does not come at once. "There is a treasuring up." It is coming now "as one that travelth"—it is on the road. (2.) *The ruin is terrible in its consummation.* "As an armed man." It will seize you as with the grasp of an indignant warrior. Indolence brings ruin.

Brother, thou hast a momentous work to do, thou hast to cultivate the wilderness of thy nature, thou hast to repair the moral fences of thy soul. In other words, thou hast to rebuild the ruined temple of thy being. Thou hast no time to lose. Thou hast slept already too long. "Resolve and do" at once.

"Lay firmly every stone; long years may be,
And stormy winds may rend, ere all be done;
But lay the first: thou mayest not live to see
To-morrow's sun."

GIVING MONEY FOR SOULS.—*"They shall give every man a ransom for his soul."* Ex. xxx, 12.

An American missionary states, that during almost seven years that he resided in Malta, he was witness every Monday morning to an affecting and admonitory scene. A man passed through the streets ringing a bell in one hand, and rattling a box in the other, crying at every corner, "What will you give for the souls? What will you give for the souls?" The women and children came out of the habitations of poverty, and cast their mites into the box. When it is full it is carried to a neighboring convent, to pay the priests for praying the souls of the dead out of purgatory! Let Protestants be exhorted to "give money for souls" in a far different manner, by assisting Christian missions, and the circulation of the Word of God.

ONLY A FREE-WILL OFFERING FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD.—*"The free-will offering for the house of God."* Ezra i, 4.

"It has been frequently wished by Christians," says the late Dr. Payson, "that there were some rule laid down in the Bible, fixing the proportion of their property which they ought to contribute to religious uses. This is as if a child should go to his father and say, 'Father, how many times in the day must I come to

you with some testimonial of my love? How often will it be necessary to show my affection for you?" The father would of course reply, 'Just as often as your feelings prompt you, my child, and no oftener.' Just so Christ says to his people: 'Look at me and see what I have done and suffered for you, and then give me just what you think I deserve. I do not wish any thing forced.'

GIVING A DEAL.—"The tithe of all things brought they in abundantly." 2 Chron. xxii, 5.

At the conclusion of a meeting of a religious society connected with Surrey Chapel, a gentleman on the platform arose and said, "I hope every one will give a little." Upon which the venerable Rowland Hill got up and exclaimed in a voice and manner truly characteristic, "I hope every one will give a deal."

THE WORD OF GOD AS ADDRESSED TO INDIVIDUALS.—"That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee." Prov. xxii, 19.

A gentleman being one day much struck with the Scriptural knowledge of an old lady with whom he was conversing, asked her how she had attained such an extensive acquaintance with the Word of God. 'To this question she made the following reply: "Sir, much is lost by not considering the Word of God as addressed to us as individuals. For these thirty years I have read the Word of God, carefully attended to every part of it, as if I had been the only person in the world to whom it was addressed; and if I know any thing above my neighbors, under the blessing of God I owe it entirely to this practice."

THE ONLY SOLID SATISFACTION IN LIFE.—"I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Eccl. i, 14.

Mr. Locke, about two months before his death, drew up a letter to a certain gentleman and left this direction on it, "To be delivered to him after my decease." In it are these remarkable words. "This life is a scene of vanity that soon passes away, and affords no solid satisfaction but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true when you come to make up the account."

UNDER THE SHIELD OF HEAVEN.—"Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me." Psalm iii, 3.

Luther, when making his way into the presence of Cardinal Cajetan, who had summoned him to answer for his heretical opinions at Augsburg, was asked by one of the Cardinal's minions where he should find a shelter if his patron, the Elector of Saxony, should desert him. "Under the shield of heaven!" was the reply. The silenced minion turned round and went his way.

SEEKING CONTENT IN SOME ONE OF HIS HOUSES.—"In the fullness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits." Job xx, 22.

"I knew a man," says one, "that had wealth and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and who would often trouble himself and his family by removing from one house to another. Being asked by a friend why he removed so often, he replied, it was to find content in some one of them. 'Content,'

said his friend, 'ever dwells in a meek and quiet soul.' "

THE MINISTER SEEKING THE DIVINE BLESSING ON HIS STUDIES.—"Understand, O son of man; for at the time of the end shall be the vision." Dan. viii, 17.

"Thanks to Divine goodness," says Dr. Payson, "this has been a good day to me. Was favored with considerable freedom in the morning, and rejoiced in the Lord through the day. In the evening felt an unusual degree of assistance, both in prayer and study. Since I began to beg God's blessing on my studies, I have done more in one week than in the whole year before. Surely it is good to draw near to God at all times."

A HEATHEN BLACKSMITH WORSHIPING HIS TOOLS.—"They sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag." Habakkuk i, 16.

A blacksmith, who had been employed one day on the mission premises in India, fetched away his tools next morning for the purpose of worshiping them, it being the day on which the Hindoos pay divine honors to the implements of their various trades; the files and hammers of the smiths, the chisels and saws of the carpenter, the diamond of the glazier, the crucible of the goldsmith, etc., all become idols on this anniversary.

THE MOLE AND THE MAN OF THE WORLD.—Gotthold one day looked on while a gardener watched a mole, caught it at its mischievous work, threw it with his spade out of the earth, and made it pay with its life for the damage it had done. This creature's whole employment, thought he then with himself, is to plow up the well-dressed gardens and fields, gnaw and destroy the roots of plants, and by the many heaps it forms, to disfigure and injure the parterres and meadows; all which it does for the sake of its food. Able to see and cater for itself in the dark, and even beneath the earth, it is blind when unexpectedly brought into the light. And so it is with the man of the world. He burrows and filches in secret; seeks his own advantage at the expense of others, who wither and perish through his devices, and raises on every hand the monuments of his enmity and selfishness. Besides, wise and crafty though he be in temporal things, he knows absolutely nothing of those that are spiritual and divine. But Death stands by, and only waits the nod of the Most High to terminate, in a moment, his projects and intrigues, casts the miserable man out of earth, into earth; I mean, from all his temporal possessions, into the grave. To that dark abode he shall carry nothing away, nor shall his glory descend after him; but having loved darkness rather than the light in this present life, he shall never see the light of the life to come. (Ps. xlix, 18, 19.)

Thou faithful God, what would it profit me to live in this world, were I to shut my eyes to the light of heaven! It were better to be a mole, and after death have neither good nor evil to expect, than an ungodly man appointed to the place of everlasting darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

CHRIST'S FORGIVENESS.—Christ's forgiveness of all sins is complete at once, because less would not do us good; his holiness is dispensed by degrees.

Facts and Fancies.

CHRIST KINDEL.—A German correspondent of the St. Louis Union writes to the editor: "Why is it that you native-born Americans spell this word in a way to make it not only lose its lovely sense, but even to make it entirely senseless? '*Kriss Kringle*,' you spell it; and if nobody checks you in this obnoxious orthography, a stupid, senseless word will receive the privilege of augmenting the English vocabulary, when, by a very little care, it could be enriched with a beautiful, friendly, and sensible expression. Christ Kindel means, the little child—Christ; Jesus, the little child; *L'enfant Jesus*, as the French say. [The evening before Christmas the legend lets the child Jesus visit the houses where there are some good-natured fellow-children.] In France they have no Christmas-trees, but, nevertheless, the children know that *L'enfant Jesus* is coming, and they put their shoes outside of their house-doors, or in the ashes of the chimney, being certain to find on the next morning a copper, or even a silver or gold piece in them. *L'enfant Jesus*, they know, rewards, in this way, their good behavior during the year. In Germany there is no house without a Christmas-tree. On the night before Christmas *Christ Kindel* comes in the best room in the house, illuminates the tree, and puts on it, and under it, whatever all good children during the whole year hoped to get. The most lovely and innocent feast, in fact the feast of children, this essentially German feast having finally made the '*tour de monde*'—is it not proper, while you Americans have accepted the theory, to accept also the name, and not spoil it by an atrocious orthography? Is it not a great deal better to spell *Christ Kindel* than to stragulate it into the nonsensical expression of *Kriss Kringle*!"

SAINT TAMMANY.—A note to the twenty-eighth chapter of Cooper's "*Last of the Mohicans*," relating to the venerable Tamemund, a patriarchal chief of the Delaware Indians in times gone by, says: "The Americans sometimes call their tutelary saint Tamendy, a corruption of the name—Tamemund—of the renowned chief here introduced. There are many traditions which speak of the character and power of Tamemund."

THE FORLORN HOPE.—Military and civic writers of the present day seem quite ignorant of the true meaning of the expression "forlorn hope." The adjective has nothing to do with despair, nor the substantive with the "charmer which lingers still behind;" there was no such poetical depth in the words as originally used. Every corps marching in an enemy's country had a small body of men at the head—*haupt* or *hope*, or perhaps *haufen*, a troop—of the advance guard, and which was termed the *forlorn hope*—*lorn* being here but a termination similar to *ward* in *forward*—while another small body at the head of the rear-guard was called the *rearlorn hope*. See "*A Treatise of Ireland*, by John Dymmock," p. 32, written about the year 1600, and printed by the Irish Archaeological Society in 1843.

A reference to Johnson's Dictionary proves that civilians were misled, as early as the time of Dryden, by the mere sound of a technical military phrase, and in process of time even military men forgot the true meaning of the words. It grieves one to sap the foundations of an error to which we are indebted for Byron's beautiful phrase, "Full of hope, misnamed forlorn."

METHYLATED—A NEW WORD.—In the last session of the British Parliament an act was passed allowing spirit of wine to be *methylated* duty free, and to permit foreign and colonial to be subjected to the same process at a reduced duty. The spirit is deteriorated by being mixed with wood naphtha or methylic alcohol, which spoils it for ordinary use, and the law provides that, in revenue parlance, the mixture is to be called "methylated spirits." In "Webster's Dictionary," the word *methylene* is given on the authority of Brande, as "a highly volatile and inflammable liquid, produced by destructive distillation of wood." Dr. Worcester, *methyl*, *methylene*, and *methylic*—the latter, on the authority of Hoford, "noting alcohol obtained by the distillation of wood." The compound noun, which is derived from two Greek roots, signifies the spirit of wood.

THE MADNESS OF HAMLET.—Mr. C. Cowden Clarke, husband of the author of the Shakspeare Concordance, friend of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, and school-fellow of John Keats, has published a volume of "Shakspeare's Characters; chiefly those subordinate." He incidentally treats of Hamlet, and believes that his madness was assumed, and cites, in proof of this opinion, the fact that in *his soliloquies he never utters an incoherent phrase*. When Hamlet is alone, he reasons clearly and consistently, often with great force, and always with lucidity, and it is only when in company of others that he puts on the mask of madness. More than this, at the close of the celebrated soliloquy, "To be or not to be," he is surprised at finding that he has been overheard in his rational musings by Ophelia, who is at the back of the scene, and he then immediately begins to talk in an incoherent manner, to maintain his scheme of delusion. Mr. Cowden Clarke, at the end of these and other arguments, gives it as his conclusion, that those have read the whole play with very little reflection, who conceive that Shakspeare intended to portray real and not feigned madness in the character of Hamlet.

QUERY FOR GRAMMARIANS.—What is the meaning of the following quotation from Shakspeare, and inserted as an example in "Pinneo's Analytical Grammar," page 149, under Rule 4, Remark 2? "Letting 'I dare not,' wait upon 'I would.' " J. C. C.

THE LONDON TIMES.—It is stated that there are 370 persons employed in the office of the London Times. The usual circulation is 65,000, which requires eleven tons of paper daily. This paper is made wholly of

linen. The Times is printed on Hoe's lightning press, the large cylinder of which turns out eight papers every second and a half, or, allowing for stoppages, about 12,000 an hour, equal to 1,000 every five minutes. When the whole paper is set up, papier-mache stereotypes are made from it, so as to attain greater rapidity of production by printing simultaneously on several presses. The whole business of the Times is on the cash principle. The papers are issued directly from the office. If intending subscribers send their addresses and cash, both are handed to a reliable newsman, who supplies the paper. The great newspaper venders settle, in cash, once a week. The smaller ones have credit from day to day, and sometimes no credit at all. Advertisements are almost invariably paid for before insertion. The Times, like the Illustrated London News, owns an extensive paper-mill of its own.

LITERARY HACKS.—In a London paper an agent advertises that he can introduce to the proprietors of newspapers and periodicals, and to publishers, "without delay or expense, editors, sub-editors, talented writers on political, literary, scientific, and art subjects, translators, *literary hacks*, reporters, and readers." There are such unfortunates as literary hacks; but who would like to be openly engaged as such?

TALLEYRAND'S FAMOUS MOT.—The famous saying of the crafty French politician, that language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thought—"La

parole a été donnée à l'homme pour aider à cacher sa pensée"—is traced back, by the "London Guardian," a religious paper, to a sermon preached by Dr. Robert South, in Westminster Abbey, on the 30th of April, 1676, on "The Wisdom of the World." It occurs thus: "Men speak with designs of mischief, and therefore they speak in the dark. In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politic sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, *but to the wise whereby to conceal it.*"

A QUOTATION TRACKED HOME.—The authorship of the disputed couplet generally supposed to be found in Hudibras—

"For he who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

is at length traced by a writer in "Notes and Queries" to Oliver Goldsmith. Newberry, Goldsmith's publisher, it seems, issued a popular manual entitled, "The Art of Poetry on a New Plan," for which Goldsmith revised the selections. In this book is introduced a passage from the 3d Part of Butler's poem, in which for the two lines,

"For those who fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain,"

are substituted these four:

"For he who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain,
Can never rise and fight again."

Biographical for Children.

CHRISTMAS AT GRANDPA'S.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

I DO N'T know what you would think if I should tell you how many there were of us, but it had been planned for a year that we were all to spend Christmas at grandpa's, and so, early in the morning, uncle Robert drove around from house to house with his span of big gray horses, and a sleigh that was made by putting the box of the great market wagon on runners. There were no seats in, but the bottom was covered thick with straw and well supplied with buffalo robes and blankets, so by the time we were all packed in and bundled up there was so little room to spare that uncle Robert declared he believed he could turn the sleigh upside down and not spill out one of us. It was only two miles out to the farm, and you may be sure we had a merry ride of it, and were half sorry when the horses were reined up at the door and we youngsters were turned into the big kitchen, while the sleigh went back for our fathers and mothers. Aunt Milly came out to greet us, and was met by a perfect shout of "Merry Christmas," and a storm of hugging and kissing from the whole group.

"I do n't feel cold the least mite," said Esther; "nor I, nor I," said one and another, and there was a general petition that we might go at once to grandma's room, to see her and grandpa.

There they sat in their great arm-chairs, just as I always think of them now, though they have long ago passed away from us; grandfather with his hands clasped on the great ivory head of his cane, and grandmother with the big Bible open in her lap. The roughest one among us grew more quiet as we returned their gentle greeting, but in a few minutes fun and frolic bubbled over again, and the room fairly rang with merry voices.

"Was n't it jolly that it snowed, grandpa," said Robby, "so we could come in a sleigh? Pa took both the horses, and you ought to have seen them trot."

"Pooh," said Lewis, "I do n't call that fast; it takes Kit to travel."

"I've got boots, grandma, and 'spenders, and long sleeves in my shirt," whispered Jimmy confidentially.

"Dear me, what noisy children!" said aunt Milly; "it's a wonder you do n't drive your grandfather crazy with your racket."

"O, father likes it as well as any of them," said dear grandma, with her pleasant smile, "and you know Christmas only comes once a year."

"I wish it came every month," said little Will; "and if ever I get to be President I'll make a law to have it so."

"The President do n't make Christmas," said Esther "I should think you would know better than that."

"Yes he does, do n't he, grandpa?" said Will positively. "I heard 'em read the Declaration in Church, and Charley Evans had it to paste on his kite. It said, 'I, Zachary Taylor,' so I know."

"That was the Proclamation for Thanksgiving," said Lewis, and then they all had a hearty laugh at little Will, who only said,

"Well, I do n't care, they 're pretty much the same; there 's lots of fun and good things both days. O, aunt Milly, did you hang up your stocking last night?"

"I 'm most too much of an old woman for such things," said aunt Milly smiling, "but my stockings were both full this morning, and you never could guess what was in them."

"Candy," shouted Will, but aunt Milly shook her head. "Story-books," suggested Esther, but aunt Milly had just finished grandpa's cap, and as she went out of the room she looked back from the door and said,

"Feet, children, two tired old feet."

"What does she mean?" said Lucy wonderingly.

"Perhaps you 'll find out before evening," said grandma. "I believe aunt Milly would work herself to death to please the little folks."

"She is n't an old woman, is she, grandpa?" asked little Nell.

"Not quite as old as I am," said grandma smiling. "Let me see, Milly will be sixty years old next harvest—dear, dear, how the time goes!" and grandma laid her spectacles down on the big Bible in her lap, and forgot all about the noisy children as her thoughts wandered back over the joys and sorrows of sixty years to linger again about the cradle where a newborn child was laid.

"Grandma must be an old woman," said Nell in a whisper to Julia.

"No she is n't," said Will indignantly; "old women take snuff, and scold if you make a speck of noise; Charley Evans says so. His grandmother is an old woman, and he can't bear 'em."

"There comes father again," said Robby, looking from the window; "he's got aunt Jule, and Clarence, and the new baby. I 'm glad Clarence has come, he must look so funny with his nose broken."

"What do you mean, child?" asked grandpa in amazement.

"Why, did n't you know it, grandpa?" said Robby. "Old Mrs. Pettis told us last week. She came in to see mother, and I heard her say that aunt Jule had a little baby, and Clarence's nose was broken. May be it 's well by this time, though."

Grandpa laughed heartily as he trotted little Nell on one knee, and did n't seem at all moved by the misfortune that had befallen poor Clarence.

I believe I could tell you stories from now till next Christmas of the pleasures and sports of that happy day. How we cracked nuts on the broad stone hearth in the kitchen, ate apples and popped corn, sung songs and played all manner of noisy romping games, till at last the table was set and the dinner ready in the great "east room." Such a long, long table as it was, with a place for every one of us. You hungry little folks, who so often are doomed to wait with longing stomachs while your elders leisurely dispatch their dinners and gossip over the tempting dainties of the dessert, you

can appreciate our delight when kind aunt Milly ushered us all to the table, declaring that nobody should wait on Christmas day. You have all helped to eat Christmas dinners, and I dare say remember all about them, from the roast goose and cranberry sauce to the plum pudding that made you forget the headache of last year and your virtuous resolutions never to eat so much again.

You know just how we felt when dinner was fairly over and the smaller children had been carried away to have their faces washed. Some of the boys sauntered lazily out of doors; but it is n't in a boy's nature to be lazy, and we girls were presently drawn to the windows by their merry shouts, as they went pell-mell into a snow-balling frolic.

"That 's good exercise," said grandpa; "why do n't you girls go out and help them? No danger of catching cold if you keep lively."

Out we went, and for half an hour we engaged heartily in the sport, and then retreated to the kitchen to shake the snow from our hair, and warm our red fingers and noses.

"How lame my arm is!" said Esther.

"That 's because you 're a girl," said Lewis. "Girls jerk round so when they throw any thing, I should think their arms would come off."

"Jule 's a good shot, though," said Robby. "I can tell you she made me look sharp, and Esther beats every thing for dodging."

"Come into the parlor, children," said aunt Milly with a very solemn face; "grandpa wants to talk to you a little while."

We followed aunt Milly through the hall, greatly wondering what grandpa could have to say to us, and half expecting a reprimand for some of our many misdemeanors.

"I 'll bet he 's found out about our chasing the colts last Summer," whispered Will in consternation.

Little enough were we prepared for the sight that met our eyes as we entered the parlor. The room had been entirely darkened by closing the old-fashioned wooden shutters, but in the center stood the most beautiful of Christmas-trees, brilliantly lighted and hung with toys and gifts. By its side stood grandpa, his white hair shining in the light, and his whole face beaming with pleasure at seeing our delight. Little Nell clapped her hands and danced for joy, Robby laughed aloud, and Will turned a summerset and stood on his head, a novel way certainly of expressing his satisfaction. I really can not remember what it was that grandpa said to us, but I know it was something very pleasant, and I know that when he unloaded the boughs of that wonderful tree there were plenty of gifts for every one of the happy circle, from dear grandma down to aunt Jule's new baby, who could not even hold the pretty rattle-box Santa Claus sent her.

"Aunt Milly planned it all," said grandma in answer to our questions, for our fathers and mothers knew no more about it than we did. "She and Pat Conner went to the woods for the tree, and then she sat up all night to fix it up; that is the reason, children, she had two tired feet in her stockings this morning."

Dear aunt Milly, she alone was forgotten in the treasures of the tree; but if I had time I could tell

you that nobody in all the village had more New-Year's gifts than she.

Before the stars were shining that happy Christmas night we all said good-by to the old folks at the farm. And when we were all gathered in the east room, and grandpa in his trembling tones read from the old Bible the beautiful story of those shepherds that long ago kept watch on Judea's plains, and heard the song of the angels over the Savior that was born to men, the tired little listeners thought the story had never sounded half so sweet before. Then they sung one of the old-fashioned hymns that grandpa loved so well, and grandpa prayed, standing up in the old Puritan fashion, with his hands on the top of his arm-chair. I remember now his slow, fervent words, and how earnestly he asked that we might all be gathered into the fold above and make one family in heaven.

So ended our Christmas at grandpa's, and as we rode home there was little talking and laughing, but I am sure there never were happier hearts than ours.

KITTY'S "POCKET."—"O dear! I'm so tired reading over this old story about Baron Munchausen. I'd like to have a story about kings and queens, who really used to live and be good to little peasant boys and girls, and tell stories to their own little children. What's the reason there are no nice stories about the President's mother?"

Kitty Downs finished her little speech with an eager glance up at her mother, who was making bread. Kitty was sick, and her lounge was in the sitting-room, but she wanted to sit by the bright kitchen fire. So there she was, propped up with pillows in a large arm-chair reading her old "Baron Munchausen" a little, watching the fire, and looking at the dimples her mother made with her thumb around the pie edges. Mrs. Downs did not hear the last of Kitty's speech, so Kitty said it again.

"Why, I do n't know; I guess there are, dear," said her mother.

Kitty watched the fire a minute. Pretty soon she spoke again, "Do you suppose I shall ever be any body much, mother?"

"Why, I s'pose you'll be Kitty Downs," her mother replied.

Kitty laughed softly and said she would not have it *Kitty* when she was a woman; it should be Catherine Stone Downs.

Then she grew quite serious and leaned back in her pillows, with her little pale hands clasped, and her soft, brown eyes telling very plainly that Kitty was thinking about something which interested her very much. Presently Kitty's uncle Ralph came in.

"Well, Kitty," he said, tapping her cheek with his plump fingers. Then he sat down beside her and asked her what she was thinking about. So Kitty leaned her curly head on uncle Ralph's shoulder and said:

"O, I was only wondering if I ever would be a woman like mother and aunt Lois, and do a great deal of good, and know ever so much—all about the people all over the world, and—if I ever would cross the ocean. I think that would be so grand, uncle Ralph. Just like going from one world to another. I lie and think about it in the night, and when the wind goes through the woods across the meadow and sets all the great trees rustling, I think may be that sounds like the

ocean. Sometimes I am afraid I never shall see it, I'm such a weak little thing, and I do n't learn very fast. But that is n't what I was thinking most about, uncle Ralph. I'm so tired doing nothing and being of no use to any body. If you and mother would only get something for me to do so I could think I was doing even a little bit of good!"

Kitty did not know what her uncle Ralph was thinking about, but she thought—she hardly knew why—that he felt sad about something, so she said, "Do you feel bad about any thing, uncle Ralph?"

He brightened up suddenly. "Feel bad, Kitty? O no!" Then he leaned his face close to hers and told her he would tell aunt Lois to bring her a nice roll of delaines, and merinos, and thread, and a nice little bright thimble, and she might make some *snatch-pockets*, and aunt Lois should tuck them in one of the Aid Society boxes and send them to the soldiers. "Won't you like that?" he said with a sunshiny look in his eyes that went right to Kitty's heart and made her feel cheerful too.

"Yes," she said, "tell her to bring them soon, if she pleases."

Then uncle Ralph went home and the next morning Kitty's aunt Lois came to see her, and brought her some delaines, and merinos, and needles, and thread, and a little silver thimble with "Kitty" on the rim. So aunt Lois cut the pattern for her pockets, and Kitty worked very steadily all day, while her mother and aunt talked. A little before night one pocket was done and filled with thread, needles, and pins, and scissors. Kitty was very happy about it, but her mother said she could not make any more till she was well, for her cheeks were hot with fever, and she had to rest every little while. But Kitty would write a little letter to put in the pocket. It began, "Dear soldier." Kitty could not write much, but she wrote, "I am not very well, but I want to do some good, so I made this for you. Uncle Ralph and father pray for you every day, and so do I. Yours, truly, Kitty S. Downs." When Mr. Downs came home at night Kitty was asleep. Her uncle and aunt were there to tea. Mr. Downs felt Kitty's pulse and put his hand on her cheek, and said he thought he would go after the doctor. That night aunt Lois and uncle Ralph did not go home. In the morning they folded Kitty's little still hands over her bosom, and they laid white flowers in the brown hair above her sweet lily face. Kitty was dead. Aunt Lois sent her pocket to the soldiers very reverently and with many tears. L. J. C.

LIFT ME HIGHER.—A little girl about thirteen years old was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling she said softly, "Lift me up higher! lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that! but there!" again looking earnestly toward heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her gravestone these words are now carved:

"Jane B., aged thirteen, LIFTED HIGHER."

A beautiful idea of dying, was it not?—"Lifted higher!"

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a judge like a person reading aloud?

Wynsire Cleanings.

AN OLD GARRET.—There is naturalness and true feeling in this daguerreotype of an old garret. It will find in some minds responsive memories of "long ago."

Sarcastic people are wont to say that poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others, neither sarcastic nor simple, send them up aloft among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs and "among folks," and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to the grand receptacle of dilapidated "has been's" and despised "used-to-be's," the "old garret."

The garret is to the other apartments of the homestead what the adverb is to the pedagogue in parsing; every thing they do not know how to dispose of is consigned to the list of adverbs. And it is for this precise reason that we love garrets; because they do contain the relics of the old and the past—souvenirs of other, and happier, and simpler times.

They have come to build houses nowadays without garrets. Impious innovation!

You man of bronze and "bearded like the pard," who would make people believe, if you could, that you never were a "toddlin wee thing;" that you never wore "a rife dress," or jingled a rattle-box with infinite delight; that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore caps and spectacles, and may be took snuff; go home once more, after all these many year's absence, all booted and whiskered, and six feet high as you are, and let us go up stairs together; in the old-fashioned spacious garret, that extends from gable to gable, with its narrow oval windows, with a spider-web of a sash, through which steals "a dim religious light" upon a museum of things unnamable, that once figured below stairs, but were long since crowded out of the vandal hands of these modern times.

The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do—don't they? when beneath your little pattering feet they clattered aforetime, when of a rainy day "mother," wearied with afore-tongued inopportunities, granted the "Let us go up garret and play." And play! Precious little of "play" have you had since, we'll warrant, with your look of dignity and your dreamings of ambition.

Here we are now in the midst of the garret. That old barrel—shall we rummage it? Old files of newspapers—dusty, yellow, a little tattered! 'Tis the "Columbian Star." How familiar the type looks! How it reminds you of old times, when you looked over the edge of the counter with the letters or papers for father! And those same "Stars," just damp from the press, were carried one by one from the fireside and preserved as they ought to be. Stars! Damp! Ah! many a star has set since then, and many a new-turfed heap grown dewy and damp with rain that fell not from the clouds.

Dive deeper into the barrel. There! A bundle—up it comes in a cloud of dust. Old almanacs, by all that is memorable! Almanacs, thin-leaved ledgers of time back to—let us see how far: 184-, 183-, 182-, before our time—180-, when our mothers were children. And the day-book—how blotted and blurred with many records and many tears!

There, you have hit your head against that beam. Time was when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it now, by more than the "altitude of a choppine." That beam is strown with forgotten papers of seed for next year's sowing; a distaff, with some few threads of flax remaining, is tacked in a crevice of the rafters overhead; and tucked away close under the eaves is "the little wheel," that used to stand by the fires in time long gone. Its sweet, low song has ceased; and perhaps she that drew those flaxen threads—but never mind, you remember the line, don't you?

"Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more."

Well, let that pass. Do you see that little craft careening in that dark corner? It was red once; it was the only casket in the house once, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red cradle, for all the world! And you occupied it once, and over it the only horizon you beheld, bent the heaven of a mother's eyes, as you rocked in that little bark of love, on the hither shore of time, fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

And there, attached to two rafters, are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember it, and what it was for, and who fastened it there? 'Twas the children's swing. You are here indeed, but where are Nelly and Charley? There is his little cap under the window, and there the little red frock she used to wear. A crown is resting on his cherub brow, and her robes are spotless in the better land.

YE STUMBLING HIGH-BINDER.—The following story is told of Erastus Corning, President of the New York Central Railroad:

Mr. Corning, though a man of remarkable activity, is lame. He was one day hobbling over the railroad track at Albany, when an Irishman, who was placed to guard the track, sang out, with marked Celtic accent, "Will ye lave the track?" Mr. Corning smiled inwardly and stumbled on, when the Irishman again cried, "Begone, ye stumbling high-binder, or the 11.30 Express will be forrent ye, and Mr. Corning will have to pay for ye the full price of a well man with two legs." This was too much for "Old Central;" he yielded the track in good time for the 11.30 Express, and sent a reward and a commendation to the faithful watchman, who had never once suspected the position of the "stumbling high-binder."

VERY DEFINITE.—"Hans, where was you born?"

"On the Haldorbarrack."

"What! always?"

"Yaw! and before too."

"How old are you, then?"

"When the old school-house is built, I was two weeks more nor a year, what ish painted red, as you go home mit your back behind you, on the right hand side of the old blacksmith shop, what stands where it was burnt down next year will pe two weeks."

SOMEBODY'S CUT OFF THE OTHER END OF IT.—An Irishman, who served on board a ship, was ordered to haul in a tow-line of considerable length, that was towing over the taffarel. After pulling in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "Be me sowl, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow! It's a good wake's work for any five in the ship! Bad luck to the arm or leg, it'll lave me at last! What! more of it yet! Och, murther; the sa's mighty deep, to be sure!" When, after continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he stopped suddenly short, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it!"

CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN AND THE BOMB-SHELL.—As Charles XII, of Sweden, was dictating a letter to his secretary during the siege of Stralsund, a bomb fell through the roof into the next room in the house where they were sitting. The terrified secretary let the pen drop from his hand. "What is the matter?" said Charles calmly. The secretary replied, "Ah, sire, the bomb!" "But what has the bomb to do," said Charles, "with what I am dictating to you?—go on."

A SONG INSTEAD OF A TEAR.—Look up, and God will give you a song in your heart, instead of a tear in your eye.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

GOLD AND SILVER.—We are to have more silver as well as more gold. Besides the increasing yield of the California and other silver mines in the United States, a new silver region has been discovered in the Argentine Republic, at the foot of the Andes. The ore is found in a tract one mile by forty in extent. In the British colony of Victoria, also, very rich deposits of silver have been discovered. It is thought that the appreciation in value of silver as compared with gold will receive a temporary check.

EXPENSES OF A EUROPEAN TOUR.—A writer thus estimates the expense of a five months' visit to the Old World: A first-class passage from America to Liverpool costs \$80; the passage back by the same line, \$79; traveling and board in England and France, \$119.42; tour on the Continent, \$106.13; fees and fares to waiters, hacks, etc., \$15.45; thus making the total amount of \$499 for five months. This estimate is made, however, on the basis of the ordinary value of foreign exchange, and not at the present high prices.

IRON RAILWAY CARS.—The days of wooden freight cars appear to be numbered on the New York Central Railroad. For the past two years iron freight cars have been built at Albany for this road, thin plate iron being used for the purpose. Such cars are lighter than those made of wood, and are at the same time more roomy and stronger. They also possess greater durability, and are incombustible.

AFRICAN COTTON.—Western and Equatorial Africa is rapidly entering into the production of cotton. Six bales of this staple from the Niger have just arrived at Manchester, the first result of a screw press fitted up far inland on the banks of that river by the celebrated African, the Rev. S. Crowther. In Yoruba the amount of cotton gathered in the hands of the merchants and traders, owing to the wars and feuds of that region, is estimated at 1,000 bales of 120 pounds each, which, at present prices in Liverpool, would be worth \$60,000. Attempts have been made by the Liberians to raise cotton, but whether the planting has been done at the wrong season, or the seed, from the sea islands of South Carolina, was not adapted to the soil and climate, is not known. Certain it is that it did not thrive well. Attention is more particularly given recently by the farmers, with signal success, to the production of coffee and sugar. Cotton is, however, raised by the natives on the territory east of the Republic, and in small quantities is finding its way abroad. A lot received in this country has a long fiber of the finest texture, white and soft, and seems to possess the characteristics of the finest quality in our market. As the plant is indigenous and perennial, it may be easily grown to a large extent, and that region become a desirable source of supply.

FOREIGN SLAVE-TRADE.—Mr. Crawford, the English Commissioner at Havana, reports that the number of

slaves landed in Cuba in the year ending September 30, 1862, was 11,254 against 23,964 in 1861. The decrease was doubtless more marked and gratifying during 1863, as the treaty between our Government and that of Great Britain for a right of search within a certain distance of the African coast and of the seaboard of the Island of Cuba, was then put in operation.

Cuba also clears herself from a complicity with a barbarism which daily draws nearer to its death. The Captain-General recently arrested several wealthy and prominent planters for their complicity in the trade, and fined and banished them from the island. The matter was brought before the Home Government, and the conduct of General Dulce approved. The conduct of General Dulce being thus indorsed, his language on the subject becomes of moment. He said that "he was sent by her Most Catholic Majesty Isabella II to carry out the treaties made with other Governments for the suppression of the African slave-trade, and that they might depend upon his doing it."

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.—The following figures will show the immense amount of work performed for the army by the Christian Commission during the past year:

Cash received at the Central Office and Branch Offices during the year.....	\$358,239 29
Value of stores donated.....	385,829 07
Value of Scriptures contributed by American Bible Society.....	45,071 50
Value of Scriptures contributed by British and Foreign Bible Society.....	1,677 79
Value of railroad facilities contributed.....	44,210 00
Value of telegraph facilities contributed.....	9,390 00
Value of delegates' services.....	72,420 00

Total.....	\$916,837 65
Cash expended in purchase of stores, publications, expenses of delegates, etc.....	265,211 28
Balance on hand at Central Office, 1st January, 1864.....	43,547 41
Balance on hand at Branch Offices, 1st January, 1864.....	49,480 60
Christian ministers and laymen commissioned to minister to men on battle-fields, and camps, hospitals, and ships, during year.....	1,207
Copies of Scriptures distributed.....	465,715
Hymn and Psalm-books distributed.....	371,859
Knapsack-books distributed.....	1,254,591
Library books distributed.....	39,713
Magazines and pamphlets distributed.....	120,492
Religious newspapers distributed.....	2,931,469
Pages of tracts distributed.....	11,076,722
Silent comforters, etc., distributed.....	3,285

A very large proportion of this good work has been accomplished through the Cincinnati Branch, A. E. Chamberlain, Chairman, Rev. J. F. Marlay, Secretary, 51 Vine-street.

CONSUMPTION OF WOOL.—The consumption of wool in the United States during the past year has been unusually large, amounting, in the aggregate, to some 120,000,000 pounds. The quantity of raw material required for army supplies alone, during the past year, is estimated at 50,000,000; for the navy, 1,000,000; for civilians' wear, 65,000,000, and the amount required to replace cotton, formerly incorporated to a much greater extent in mixed fabrics, 10,000,000 pounds.

BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.—This body is often spoken of as the popular branch of the British Gov-

ernment, but the strength of the aristocratic element in it may be inferred from the fact that in a recent House there were 53 eldest sons of Peers, who would in due course pass from the lower to the upper House; 30 junior sons of Peers; 47 brothers of Peers; 45 Commoners married to Peers' daughters. Besides these, though in some cases combined in the same persons, there are 49 placemen, 88 naval and military officers, 78 railway directors, 70 patrons of Church livings.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—The universities are largely attended. The number at Marburg and Giessen is not ascertained. Bonn has 800, Gottingen and Halle from 700 to 800, Leipzig 1,000, Berlin nearly 2,000. But the number of professors is still greater in comparison with American colleges than that of the students. None of them have less than 50 to 60, Leipzig has 100, and Berlin nearly 150. Of course it is evident either from a large subdivision of the different departments, or from the different professors overlapping each other, that only few lectures are required from each.

LUMBER TRADE AT CHICAGO.—The total receipts of lumber by lake at Chicago during the year 1863 were 393,074,882 feet. These are largely in excess of the receipts of the year before, and do not include the receipts by railroad, which were considerable. The Journal says the past has been the most prosperous lumber season ever known in the West, and the prices have been higher than ever before.

PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN SOUTHERN ITALY.—In 1861 there were in the Neapolitan provinces 1,746 schools for boys and 836 for girls, 1,755 masters and 835 mistresses. The pupils were, boys, 34,198, and girls, 29,160. There were also 48 evening schools, with 1,002 pupils, and 5 infant asylums, with 358 inmates. There are now 2,367 schools for boys, 1,364 for girls, 2,488 masters, and 1,479 mistresses, the pupils being 77,864 boys, and 52,153 girls, as well as 677 evening schools with 14,341 pupils, and 29 asylums with 2,765 scholars. In Palermo there were during the time of the Bourbons only eight schools; there are now one hundred.

INDIAN PAGANS IN NEW YORK.—The Onondaga tribe of Indians, mostly located a few miles from Syracuse, New York, is said to number about four hundred persons, many of whom are still pagans. There are no Christian chiefs among them, and quite a number of the tribe still maintain pagan worship. A Wesleyan mission exists among them, which reports twenty-five hopeful conversions the past year.

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.—Science has again and again proved that popular superstitions were philosophical facts. Another instance of this is recorded with regard to the weather. It is perhaps the most generally credited of popular beliefs, that the weather is influenced by the moon. Scientific men are now coming forward to prove that this is actually the case; and they tell us that the nearer the moon is to the earth the more disturbed the weather will be. Thus, in December next the moon will be 1,800 miles closer to the earth than she is now. This, a correspondent predicts, will cause extraordinarily high tides and rough

weather. In this prophecy he confirms a previous one by Lieut. Saxby, who declares that between December 12th and 15th we shall be visited with one of the severest storms ever known in England. Another writer holds that not the moon only, but the other heavenly bodies influence our meteorology. "For example," says Mr. Pearce, the advocate of this theory, "Saturn—a body one thousand times as large as our earth—crossed the equator on the 1st January last; and again on the 16th of that month, being stationary on the same day, and the sun 30° from Jupiter on that day also; consequently, the New Year was ushered in with a gale, and on the 16th gales commenced which lasted till the 20th. Saturn again crossed the equator on 2d September last, and accordingly another stormy period occurred. The solar conjunction of both Saturn and Mars on the 2d of the last month again demonstrated the power of these bodies—they having been conjoined on the previous day. A confirmation of their influence will be found when we remember that the Great Eastern was disabled in a fearful gale on the 11th of September, 1861, these planets being in conjunction on that day. Now as to the storm period of December 10th to 13th. Let Mr. Saxby observe that on the 10th the earth will pass between Mercury and Uranus, and on the 15th between the sun and Uranus. These positions have for years been observed to produce heavy gales." What a pity it was that the astrologers did not devote their observations to the foretelling of the weather, instead of the casting of horoscopes! They would then have been of some use in their day and generation.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS IN GREECE.—The priests, here as elsewhere, are not men of progress, but of form. They love ceremony because ceremonies bring fees. The Holy Synod, in its annual application to the Government, makes no complaint as to Sabbath preaching by allowance of the authorities. But there is one voice that stands up for the truth in a bold and able manner. *The Star of the East*—a weekly religious newspaper, thoroughly Protestant in principle, published at Athens, in modern Greek, and edited by a native Greek of the Protestant faith and American education—has a good circulation in the kingdom and in foreign ports, and is a very important agent for the diffusion of religious truth among the Greek race. It is the only Protestant newspaper, perhaps, in that language; and when it commenced, six years ago, it was the only religious periodical. But the Greek ecclesiastics speedily took care that this should no longer be said. So the day of religious polemics has dawned upon Greece. Greek and Protestant meet in conflict, and a religious press opens the arena to the gaze of the people. "The truth is mighty, and it will prevail."

DISTINGUISHED DEAD.—President Edward Hitchcock, late of Amherst College, died at his residence in Massachusetts February 27th. He was distinguished as a general scholar, but particularly for his acquaintance with natural history. One of the most successful text-books of our country was his *Manual of Geology*, used generally in our schools and colleges. He was the author of a *History and Sketches of Amherst College*, a work of great interest, being in part a biography of his own times.

Library Notices.

(1.) **LIFE AND LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.**—By his nephew, *Pierre M. Irving*. 4 vols. 18vo. Pp. 463, 492, 404, and 450. \$6. New York: G. P. Putnam. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—These volumes are elegantly gotten up. In typographical beauty and in binding it would be difficult to surpass them. Of the subject of these volumes we hope to speak more fully in our next number, as we have had his portrait engraved for this special purpose. The delicate and difficult task of gathering his letters, running through half a century in their dates, and scattered all over the civilized world, has been prosecuted with great diligence, and been crowned with the most satisfactory success. The fourth volume closes with an analytical index of the contents, which is admirably arranged for reference. Of the man and his relation to our American literature we will speak hereafter.

(2.) **LYRICS OF LOYALTY.** Arranged and edited by *Frank Moore*. 18mo. 336 pp. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The object of this volume is to preserve some of the best lyrical writings called forth by the present rebellion. The style of binding is appropriately "red, white, and blue."

(3.) **A CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE,** with a complete Bibliography of the subject. By *William Rounselville Alger*. Large 8vo. 914 pp. \$3.50. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.—We have read this huge volume with no little interest. The style of the author is remarkably clear, and his entire work is characterized by vigorous thought and wide research. There is an air of candor, and, indeed, for the most part, great fairness in his statement of the different theories having relation to the future life, and also in his statement of the arguments for and against them. There is a great deal of lumber in the work, but most of it is valuable. The author would have done well had he confined himself to *history*. For when he departs from the historical and attempts the argumentative, he exhibits a strange medley of belief and unbelief. And, on the whole, we can not regard the book otherwise than a soil teeming with the thickly-sown seeds of infidelity. The inspiration of the Bible, the history of creation, the resurrection of the body, and other essential elements of Christian faith are to him as "old wives' fables," which have been "terribly shattered by the attacks of reason and progressive science." A true "history of the doctrine of a future life" is a desideratum, and would be of essential service to the cause of Christianity.

(4.) **CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE CIVIL INSTITUTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES DEVELOPED IN THE OFFICIAL AND HISTORICAL ANNALS OF THE REPUBLIC.** By *B. F. Morris*. 8vo. Pp. 831. Price, \$3.50. 1864. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.—This volume is a rich

store-house of facts. And the evidence it gives of the substantial Christian character of our civil institutions is overwhelming. The author says in the preface, "The documents and facts are authentic, and have been collected with laborious diligence from standard historical works and from the political and Christian annals of the nation. The volume is the voice of the best and wisest men of the Republic." This work has evidently been the labor of years; nor is it less evident that it was with the author a labor of love. The excellent classification and arrangement of the topics facilitate greatly the practical use of the volume as a work of reference.

(5.) **SAYINGS OF SAGES; or, Selections from Distinguished Preachers, Poets, Philosophers, and other Authors, Ancient and Modern.** Compiled by *E. C. Recons*, with an Introduction by *Edward Thomson, D. D.* 12mo. 294 pp. \$1. New York: Carlton & Porter.—Dr. Thomson says: "Here is a book of the best thoughts of some of the wisest men—truths which lie at the foundations of reasoning; principles of great moral importance and practical usefulness; just sentiments in excellent forms of speech, 'like apples of gold in pictures of silver;' views of human nature and human life, which for their correctness and comprehensiveness have obtained currency among all classes, and embody the opinions of all; and views of God and his relations and claims, which commend themselves at once to the reason and conscience of mankind. In addition, there will be found sayings or apothegms which possess value and force from the character of their authors, those little and short utterances which, as Tillotson says, are like sparks of diamonds."

(6.) **CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA.**—Nos. 68 and 69 of this sterling work have been laid on our table. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 20 cents per number.

(7.) **CATALOGUES.**—1. *Oncida Conference Seminary*—38th annual catalogue—Rev. E. G. Andrews, D. D., Principal, assisted by eight teachers. Students—gentlemen, 234; ladies, 258. Total, 492. 2. *Amenia Seminary*—28th annual catalogue—Rev. A. J. Hunt, A. M., Principal, assisted by six teachers.

(8.) **APPLETON'S UNITED STATES POSTAL GUIDE** contains the regulations of the post-office and a complete list of the post-offices in the United States. Price, 25 cents.

(9.) **THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January, 1864**, contains the following articles: 1. The Life and Writings of Roger Bacon. 2. The Tunnel under Mont Cénis. 3. Astrology and Magic. 4. The Depreciation of Gold. 5. Gilchrist's Life of William Blake. 6. Parties and Prospects in Parliament. 7. The Inspired Writings of Hinduism. 8. Russia. 9. The Physiology of Sleep. 10. Cotemporary Literature.

(10.) **THE LONDON QUARTERLY for January** contains, 1. China. 2. New Englanders and the Old

Home. 3. Forsyth's Life of Cicero. 4. Captain Speke's Journal. 5. Guns and Plates. 6. Eels. 7. Rome in the Middle Ages. 8. The Danish Duchies. The London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Reviews, together with Blackwood's Magazine, are republished, producing fac-similes of the English editions, by L. Scott & Co., New York city, and are kept on sale by G. N. Lewis, Cincinnati. \$10.

(11.) THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January contains, 1. Ticknor's Life of Prescott. 2. The Bible and Slavery. 3. The Ambulance System. 4. The Bibliotheca Sacra. 5. Immorality in Politics. 6. The Early Life of Governor Winthrop. 7. The Sanitary Commission. 8. Renan's Life of Jesus. 9. The President's Policy. 10. Critical Notices. It is published by Crosby & Nichols, Boston, at \$5 a year. The North American is now nearly half a century old, having been established in 1815. It has now passed into a new editorial management; Prof. James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton, gentlemen well known to the literary world, assuming the charge. The articles are timely, important, and the subjects are treated in an able and scholarly manner. The loyal and patriotic tone of the Quarterly is worthy of all commendation. It is an auspicious day for our periodical literature when the Review takes such a patriotic stand.

(12.) REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING AND SUGGESTIONS OF DUTY: A Thanksgiving Discourse. By Rev. Robert Allyn, A. M., President of McKendree College.—An eloquent and able discourse.

(13.) EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.—Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Ohio Institution.

(14.) THE BIBLE AGAINST SLAVERY. By Prof. S. M. Vail, of the Methodist General Biblical Institute. Concord: Fogg, Hadly & Co.—This able pamphlet contains searching replies to the "Bible View of Slavery," by John H. Hopkins, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont; and to "A Northern Presbyterian's Second Letter to Ministers of the Gospel," by Nathan Lord, D. D., late President of Dartmouth College; and to "X," of the New Hampshire Patriot.

(15.) THE OLD HELMET. By the author of the "Wide, Wide World." 12mo. 2 vols. 328, 363 pp. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.—Most of our readers will remember the sensation produced by the publication of the "Wide, Wide World." By a single bound its author passed to the very summit of popular authorship. Since then her pen has been constantly and, we believe, usefully employed. None of her subsequent works have attained the notoriety of her first; but there are none of them which do not contain many of its excellencies. Of these later works the last has been the most decidedly successful, and it is also the most decidedly excellent.

(16.) THE PROPHET OF FIRE; or, the Life and Times of Elijah, with their Lessons. By J. R. Macduff, D. D. 12mo. 351 pp. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.—The first production of Dr. Macduff which attracted our attention was "Morning and Night Watches," an excellent companion for private and family devotions. The volume before us groups the striking events in the life of Elijah, delineates them with the hand of

a master, and draws from each the lessons it was designed to impart, not merely to an apostate nation, but to all ages and all men.

(17.) AN ESSAY ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME. By John Foster. Edited by J. E. Ryland, A. M. 12mo. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.—The themes discussed in Part I of this volume are, The Value of Time, the Capacity of Time, the Swiftmess of Time, and the Ultimate Object of the Improvement of Time. Part II comprises, Indolence, Intervals, and Solitary Life. It is scarcely necessary to say that these discussions are marked with much of the grasp and penetration of thought for which their author was so remarkable in later years. Though composed in his earlier life, and so far completed that it was embodied in a very neat manuscript, the author seems never to have offered it to the public in any form. And now, after the author has been dead twenty years, it is resurrected and given to the public.

THE following books have also been laid upon our table by the Messrs. Carter. We have neither time nor space to give them suitable notices in this number:

(18.) THE SAFE COMPASS AND HOW IT POINTS. By Rev. Richard Newton, D. D. 16mo. 318 pp.

(19.) CLAUDE THE COLPORTEUR. By the author of Mary Powell. 16mo. 316 pp.

(20.) CHRISTIAN CONQUESTS. By A. L. O. E. 18mo. 170 pp.

(21.) SALE OF CRUMMIE. 18mo. 171 pp.

(22.) FAITHFUL AND TRUE. By the author of Win and Wear. 16mo. 368 pp.

(23.) MEMOIR OF REV. ERSKINE J. HAWES, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Plymouth, Conn. By his Mother. 12mo. 275 pp.

(24.) THE MAN OF GOD; or, Spiritual Religion Explained and Enforced. By Octavius Winslow, D. D. 18mo. 283 pp.

(25.) WHEDON ON THE WILL.—We must defer our notice of this work to a subsequent number. We have here barely space to indicate its division and arrangement. It consists of three parts; namely, The Issue Stated; the Necessitarian Argument Considered; the Positive Argument Stated. In the first part we have the following chapters: Will Isolated and Defined; Freedom of the Will Defined; Volition not always Preceded by Emotion; Freedom of the Will Causationally Presented; Edwards's Synthesis of Definitions Reviewed; Condition and Limitation of Will's Free Action; Anterior Standard of Accordance; Schematism of Conscious Free Will. The second part has sections on the Causational Argument, the Psychological Argument, and the Theological Argument. The third part is treated under the following heads: The Argument from Consciousness; Argument from Possibility of Divine Command; Distinctions between Automatic Excellence and Moral Desert; the Maxim of Responsibility; Necessitarian Counter-Maxim of Responsibility Considered; Edwards's Direct Intuitional Proof of Necessitated Responsibility; Responsibility of Belief Demonstrates Freedom of Will; Coaction and Necessitation; Argument from God's Non-Authorship of Sin. Freedom the Condition of a Possible Theodicy.

Editor's Table.

THE WESTERN BOOK COMMITTEE.—The annual meeting of the Western Book Committee took place in February. There were present Joseph M. Trimble, Chairman, of the Ohio Conference; R. Haney, of the Central Illinois; Elnathan C. Gavitt, Central Ohio; John Kiger, Indiana; O. V. Lemon, North Indiana; W. E. Bigelow, Detroit; T. E. Corkhill, Iowa; and S. Huffman, Missouri. B. F. Crary, of the Minnesota Conference, and Peter Cartwright, of the Illinois Conference, were absent. R. Haney was chosen Secretary. William Young, of the Cincinnati Conference, was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of John T. Mitchell. The following figures show the business for the year ending January 31, 1864:

Book sales, Cincinnati.....	\$86,963 84
Periodical sales, Cincinnati.....	148,020 76
Total for Cincinnati.....	\$234,884 60
Book sales, Chicago.....	\$76,631 01
Periodical sales, Chicago.....	81,471 88
Total for Chicago.....	\$158,102 89
Periodical sales, St. Louis.....	8,896 09
Total.....	\$401,983 58

The subscribers to periodicals on the 8th day of February, 1864, and February 9, 1863, were as follows:

AT CINCINNATI.

	Feb. 8, 1864.	Feb. 9, 1863.	Increase.	Decrease.
West. Christian Adv.....	31,240	25,010	6,230	
Ladies' Repository.....	30,389	23,788	6,592	
Christian Apologist.....	19,112	13,403	5,707	
Sunday School Bell.....	13,273	12,191	1,082	
Sunday School Adv.....	32,280	38,642		3,638
S. S. Teachers' Journal.....	1,516	1,177		339
Missionary Advocate.....	8,655	9,770		1,115
Good News.....	6,100	8,500		2,400
Quarterly Review.....	418	516		98

AT ST. LOUIS.

Central Advocate.....	7,085	6,570	515
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AT CHICAGO.

N. W. Christian Adv.....	23,318	18,716	4,602	
Ladies' Repository.....	9,009	5,914	3,095	
Quarterly Review.....	508	347	161	
Sunday School Adv.....	44,942	38,179	6,763	
Teachers' Journal.....	2,166	1,749	417	
Good News.....	6,030	7,204		1,174
Missionary Advocate.....	12,868	14,785		1,917

The session of the Committee was one of remarkable harmony.

Later returns show the gains of the Repository to be as follows:

At Boston.....	700
At New York.....	1,300
At Chicago.....	2,700
At Cincinnati.....	3,100
Total increase.....	7,800

As subscribers are still coming in, this showing will be still further improved. The past year has been one of unprecedented prosperity in both the Eastern and Western Book Concerns. We regret that we have not the statistics of the former.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The forty-fifth annual report of this Society, just published, exhibits the following cheering

results: 1. The receipts of 1863 have exceeded those of 1862 by \$159,108.46. 2. The appropriations for 1864 exceed those made for 1863 by \$136,502. 3. Appropriations for Home Missions within the Annual Conferences from May, 1850, to December 31, 1863, \$2,128,588; appropriations to the foreign work for same period, \$1,388,899. 4. The average yearly appropriation to the home work for fifteen years past has been \$141,905. The average yearly appropriation for foreign work during the same period has been \$92,593. 5. Total number of foreign missionaries in 1849, 33; of members, 1,532. Total number of foreign missionaries in 1863, 129; of members, 6,122. Showing an increase in laborers of 96 and of members 4,590. 6. Total number of home missionaries in 1849 among our foreign populations, 131; and of members, 8,303. Total number of missionaries in the same fields in 1863, 304; and members, 24,052. Showing an increase in missionaries of 173; and of members, 15,749. 7. There are 900 missionaries among our American population in the frontier work, and in feeble or newly-begun charges, which must have partial or entire support for a short time till they take their places in the self-sustaining work, as thousands of similar missions have done during the forty-five years' history of the Society.

DAILY ADVOCATE DURING THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—We cheerfully insert the following announcement, and invite the attention of our readers generally to the enterprise:

We, the Agents of the Methodist Book Concerns at New York and Cincinnati, have determined to publish a daily paper at Philadelphia during the session of the General Conference, commencing on the 1st of May proximo, and to be able to meet the expectations of the people, and make the paper what it should be, we have engaged the services of three of the best reporters in the country, who will report not only the acts and doings of the body, but many, if not all, the speeches made on the occasion. The increased cost of materials and labor is such as to render it necessary for us to fix the price a little higher than formerly, but this advance will not be equal to the increased expense. Our terms will be as follows:

Single copies, and all numbers less than five, each.....	\$1 50
Five to ten, each.....	1 35
And for any additional numbers, each.....	1 25

At these prices we must have a large list, or there will be a loss in its publication; but if the preachers will interest themselves in procuring subscribers by bringing the subject before their people as soon as practicable, and send in their reports at an early day, either to the Agents at New York or Cincinnati, or to any of the Depositories, so that we can have our paper ordered in due time, and our mail-books written up a week or two before the commencement of the session, they will not only facilitate correctness in forwarding the paper to the subscribers, but secure success to the enterprise. It is our intention to forward the paper to subscribers daily by the first morning mail—to the north and east at six o'clock, and south and west at eight. This will enable subscribers to know from day to day what is being said and done in that body.

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VIEWS IN SWITZERLAND.
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RORSCHACH.
(ST. GALLEN)

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WASHINGTON IRVING